

Senior Number

# Thamarack

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223 Post Street  
Spokane, Wash.

## Miss Spokane

Our Miss Spokane! Thou art as fair  
As heaven's angels on the stair  
That leads to Paradise. Thou'rt gay,  
And at thy shrine our hearts we lay,  
Thy worthy triumph we declare.  
Thy step so light, thy jaunty air,  
Thy face so sweet, so free from care,  
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A gown of buckskin thou dost wear;  
Thy outstretched arms are brown and bear,  
While from thy magic jar of clay  
The waters pour by night and day,  
Thou restless radiant spirit rare,  
Our Miss Spokane!



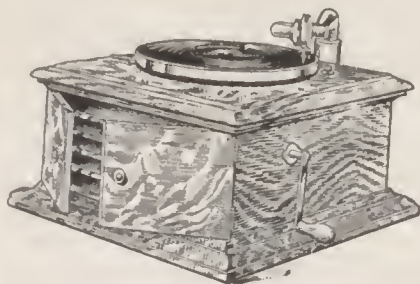
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Volume 3

MAY, 1912

Number 1

# The Tamarack

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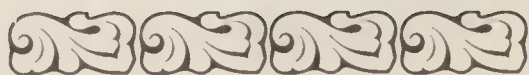
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JUNE '12



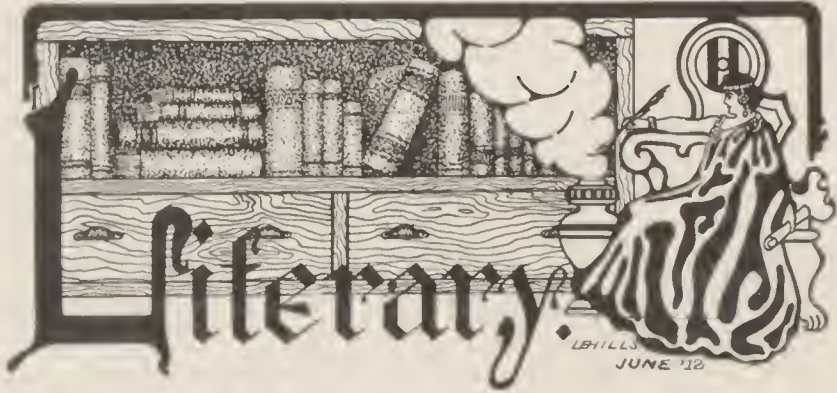
DEDICATED TO THE

*Class of June*  
*1912*





SYLVIA



## Ideals

It was a clear, starlight night in late August, with the perfect radiance of the full moon beaming down upon the crystal waters of Traverse Bay. Far to the eastward the lights of Traverse City twinkled as brilliantly as the myriad stars in midnight's canopy. A dark mass, dotted here and there with lights, loomed up in the background, while silvery peals of laughter floated out upon the breeze from the enveloping gloom. A faint, regular "chug, chug" and the swishing of water could be heard, growing louder and louder; and soon a steamer swung into view around the headland of a narrow promontory, its headlight flashing over the waters, flooding the bay with momentary brilliancy. On board was a party of merrymakers returning from the dance-hall on Marion Island. No one lived on this island and its only building was the large dance-hall where parties were given every Saturday night. The little steamer, *Maid of the Seas*, left Traverse City for the island early in the evening and returned about eleven o'clock.

On this evening, Stanley Barrett, together with several of his college chums who had their camp at Loon's Cove, had taken their girl friends to the scene of the merrymaking in launches and rowboats. It was the lights on their little crafts that twinkled in the darkness, and the great black mass was the island. As the *Maid of the Seas* plowed along its homeward course, the searchlight suddenly swept over the private boats and disclosed Stanley and his friends dancing on the wharf. A shout arose from the merry couples when they realized they were discovered, but the light remained fixed on them only a moment, then swung back to its original position, and soon the pleasure boat melted into the darkness.

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"Say Stan, old man," said Bob Strong as he released his partner, Mildred Abbot, "don't you think we'd better start for home? It takes a good two hours to take the girls home, and that means that we can't get back to Loon's Cove before two o'clock even if we start right away. What will become of that much planned fishing trip early tomorrow morning if we roll in any later than that?"

"That's right," mused Stanley. "I had forgotten that trip, home, and everything else in the madness of my whirl with Sylvia. However," he laughingly added, glancing at the happy but exhausted girl at his side, "let's have one more little jig to the tune of 'Home, Sweet Home' and then we'll start. Hit her up, Glen, it's your turn to furnish the music. Come, Sylvia."

Glen's strong tenor voice, interspersed with laughter from the crowd, was wafted away on the night wind which was now rising forcibly. As to whether or not the tune was "Home, Sweet Home" no one seemed to know or care, but it served its purpose and after the last verse had been sung all chimed in on the chorus and simply shouted, "Home."

"Now for home," cried Stanley. "All aboard your men-of-war! Here Bob, help me tie these boats to your and Steve's launches. It would take too long to row back, and besides, that wind is blowing stronger. We'll have to hurry, for I fear a storm is coming up."

All jumped into the launches except Sylvia and Stanley. It was discovered that there was not room enough for them so Stanley said, "I'm afraid it's our fate to ride in one of the rowboats and be towed. Guess it won't make much difference for the bay is quite calm yet."

They accordingly got into the boat which was tied to Bob's launch and were soon on their way. All was laughter and confusion and the two in the rowboat were soon forgotten. Left to their own amusement, they had entered into a one-sided argument, Stanley had long desired to marry Sylvia, and now, since his college career had ended, and his prospects for becoming a prosperous civil engineer were very encouraging, thought that he was in a position to speak the necessary words. But in spite of all his arguments and pleadings, Sylvia remained obdurate.

"I like you Stan, you know that, but you are not my ideal at all. In fact, you are far from it. I have always said that I would marry no man until he had done something to make his name known at least over all his own country, and—"

"But Sylvia, my name as a football star is known at almost every

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college in the United States. Isn't that enough of a reputation for a fellow to have?"

"Oh, I know, but that isn't what I mean. Almost any fellow can play football and make a name for himself. I mean he must do something out of the ordinary like,—like—well, I don't know but something out of the ordinary anyway."

"I guess you don't know your own mind," Stanley said bitterly. "It seems to me that the question whether or not he can furnish you with bread and butter ought to be of the most importance, instead of some shilly-shally deed which has dubbed him a hero. A hero! I wonder if you know what one is?"

The stinging sarcasm of his tone brought the tears to Sylvia's dark eyes but she primly said, "Mr. Barrett, you have no right to talk to me like this. Is there any way in which I can exchange places with someone in the launch? My position here is unbearable."

"By Jove, where are the launches?" Stanley cried, peering into the darkness ahead of him. "Can it be that the line has broken and we have simply been floating? Fool that I was to not pay attention,—but I am sure that rope was tied securely. Sit still and I'll try to get hold of it and see what is the matter."

Sylvia did as she was bidden, but strained her eyes trying to get some glimpse of the launches. It was without avail,—not a light could be seen. The darkness was deepening. The wind was much stronger and colder now, and it seemed to be blowing out the stars as if they were tiny candles. Sylvia shivered not only with the cold but with fear. A few streaks of forked lightning flamed up in the northeast lighting the midnight skies.

"Snapped in the middle," was Stanley's comment after he had examined the rope which he had drawn from the water, "the strain must have been too great. We're in a fine mess, I must say. I don't suppose it will be long because Bob will surely miss us and come in search of us. Here Sylvia, take my coat—you are shivering," he said to the girl who was now beginning to sob softly.

"Stan, can't you feel how strong the wind is blowing and I am sure it is getting darker all the time?"

He held up his hand and then exclaimed, "It's from the northeast too. I'll bet we're in for it. I know the signs of a storm on this old bay. The best thing we can do is to row back to the island as fast as we can, and seek

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shelter before it is upon us. We haven't much time to lose, either, by the looks of things."

He hastily adjusted the oars and began pulling for the shore which he hurriedly conjectured was about a mile distant. Sylvia, now thoroughly frightened, perceived that he made little headway against the strong wind.

"We'll never make it, never, and if we're caught out here we'll never survive I know," she said, trembling with fear. "Can't I help now, Stan? You know you always said I was a good rower?"

"If you can get over to this seat I think you better help," he replied. "Things are not as bad as they might be but the sooner we get to that island the better off we'll be."

She carefully moved to the indicated seat and took an oar. They pulled in silence for what seemed ages to Sylvia and then Barrett abruptly asked, "Can you swim?"

"Why yes, do you think we'll have to?" she answered, giving him a startled glance as a streak of fire shot across the sky. She noticed that his face was pale and his jaws firmly set!

"Don't know, but we might as well be prepared for emergencies. We'd better take off our shoes—at least, I will. You can easily kick off your pumps," he added with a short laugh, remembering that she had lost her slipper once while dancing on the dock.

The wind was now whipping the water into a seething sheet of white-caps which broke on the bow of the frail boat and splashed the occupants with the cold spray. One who is not accustomed to Lake Michigan can hardly conceive how quickly these storms rise and abate, spending themselves with tempestuous fury.

They were now within a quarter of a mile of shore and nearly exhausted. Without warning a huge wave swept over the boat overturning it and throwing its occupants into the water. When they came to the surface Stanley shouted above the roar of the wind, "Now we'll swim for it. We haven't far to go. I can see the shore every time it lightens."

Silently, side by side, with steady, even strokes they made their way toward the goal. The water was bitter cold and the wind blew in their faces but they struggled on. When almost in reach of their haven of refuge, Sylvia heard a gasp, and turning her head saw that Stanley had disappeared from sight. An instant later his head appeared and she heard him mutter, "cramps." In horror she watched for him to come again to the surface and



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when he did so she seized his hair and succeeded in keeping his head above water.

"Throw your arm over my shoulder," she commanded, "and keep your head."

He succeeded in doing so and with this added burden she swam toward the shore. The weight on her shoulders increased and she felt his clasp on her shoulders tighten. Would she make it? A large wave encased them and they were thrown forward, within a few feet of the sandy beach.

Hope surged in her breast and she feebly put forth her last efforts. Victory was the result. She drew Barrett up onto the beach and then fell exhausted. Rousing herself to action in a few minutes, she saw a large cut on Stanley's forehead and realized that he was unconscious.

It now began to drizzle and in a few moments torrents of rain were falling. Taking hold of his shoulders, she dragged him up the beach to the shelter of the hall. She took a wet handkerchief from his pocket and tied it securely round his head, then tried to restore him to consciousness. In a few moments he opened his eyes and seeing Sylvia, gazed blankly into her face. She was kneeling by him with one hand on his head.

"Oh, you're not dead," she cried happily, and as she perceived the look of bewilderment on his face, added, "you had the cramps, you remember. Then you fainted when you cut your head on a rock as I pulled you upon the shore. I'm sorry, but it was the only way."

Slowly but surely his senses returned. He pressed her hand to his forehead and said feebly, "I'm not sorry, Sylvia and—and—" He lapsed into another period of coma. It was only momentary, however, and he finished his sentence as he straightened up, "—and I was a cad to say those things to you out in the boat. You're worth ten of me. Why dear, you saved my life. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive—oh, I did that long ago when you first took such masterful command of the situation. And Stanley," she added, "I didn't mean what I said out there in the boat, either. There is something in this world that means more to a girl than ideals after all, and besides mine wasn't an idea! It was downright hero worship. I know my own mind now for out there in the water when I was battling for your life and mine I realized that I had discovered my true ideal, Stanley, my true ideal."

N. B., June, '12.



## Night

When the sun, in crimson glory,  
Sinks behind the golden west,  
Then the world, so aged and hoary,  
Falls in sleep and peaceful rest.

As the shades of night are falling,  
Shadows lose themselves from sight,  
Far off swamp frogs hoarsely calling  
Break the stillness of the night.

Gentle breezes sweetly blowing  
Scent the earth while passing by;  
Stars up high, so softly glowing,  
Bathed in heavenly splendor lie.

Now the moon and stars are dimming,  
Day comes cautious as a fawn,  
Every cloud with radiance shining,  
Look! Behold! It is the dawn.

—Tom Allen, '14.





## The Estrangement

What could present a prettier picture than the tiny village of Ozark nestled like a bird's nest among the grand, lofty mountains of the Coeur d'Alenes? It was early morning in the village. The sun had just attained the height of an eastern peak, and from that point was casting its blessed radiance over the awakening village; and from the green mountainous woodland fresh breezes were wafted down, laden with the exhilarating perfume of the pines. It was a perfect summer morning.

The shrill whistles of the various mines surrounding Ozark had sounded the last summons for work. The hour was too early for children to be at play—indeed, it was most likely that the smaller ones were still snug in their beds. Thus, the silence of the morning was broken only by the dull clang of the machinery in the power-house nearby. There was no one in sight, save a poor tramp wending his way slowly along the railroad track.

At his right-hand side, far below him, lay the Ozark River, a roaring mountain stream; and across the river, where the mountain rose almost perpendicularly, was the flume leading to the power-house.

As he walked along, the tramp paid little attention to the village he was entering; he was too disheartened. He heard, but did not see the rushing torrent sweep below him, and knew it was in harmony with his thoughts. He was not a disreputable-looking tramp. His appearance did not suggest the indolence, the viciousness, or the dissipation so often found in that class of men. His clothes, though old and worn, fitted him well; and a rough old hat pulled far over his face almost screened his thin, pale features. He raised his head to look about him, and was startled out of his reverie at the sight of two little girls ahead of him on the railroad track.

"She would be just about that size," she sighed, "if she still lives. Oh, that I may find her sometime, my little, blue-eyed Emerald!"

The two children had reached the trestle and were pausing to gaze at the angry water below. One looked on with a steadfast, fearless gaze as if she loved the water; the other shuddered at the sight and covered her blue eyes. How beautiful they looked as they stood on the high railroad bed, like cherubs of the morning! The one with the dark brown eyes, darker brown hair, and the soft brown complexion was Marjory Tull, whose father owned the power-house. Her companion, with the delicately tinted skin,

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the deep, blue eyes full of expression, and the crown of golden ringlets, was Emerald Redmond, who had moved to Ozark with her grandmother a few years before.

They crossed the trestle, ascended a tiny path, and reached the flume. It was covered tightly with boards, but now and then through a knot-hole they could see the swift current rush by. They walked along the flume, under an arch of overhanging trees, until they were within a short distance of the power-house. The flume from there on was twice the width of the narrow part, and only half of the top was covered. Where they stepped from the narrow to the wide part a whirlpool yawned beneath.

"Oh, Emerald!" cried Marjory when they had advanced a few steps, "see the beautiful flowers up there. You stay here and I will get them for you."

Marjory was busily engaged gathering the flowers when she heard a muffled cry. She looked around and beheld the blue checked dress of Emerald's floating down the flume. Screaming with all her might she bounded down the hillside, ran along the flume, and jumped in, only to be carried on an invarying distance behind. She struggled frantically to reach her companion, but all seemed in vain. The eddy caught Emerald; and, in its slowly-moving outer rim, began to draw her around. A cry of despair came from Marjory's lips; and she, feeling the current of the eddy, could but cling to the side of the flume, and dared not to go further. She watched the current draw Emerald slowly, ever so slowly, into the corner beyond the whirlpool, from there to be swept to destruction. But there was hope yet! The motion of the water turned Emerald around so that her head was toward Marjory. She feebly stretched out a little hand which Marjory grasped, and drew her companion from the way of the treacherous eddy. She felt the current growing stronger and more violent. Her fingers were cramped in their desperate hold upon the boards. The crisis had come, and she felt her hold on the flume gone. She whispered to Emerald, "We will die together."

A final struggle in the water followed, and Marjory realized that they were lifted to safety. She opened her eyes and recognized the tramp she had seen on the railroad track. He was holding the unconscious form of Emerald in his arms, and wiping the muddy lead water from her face.

She, too, opened her eyes and looked up at her rescuer. At her gaze

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he started and was again startled to hear Marjory cry, "Oh, Emerald, here comes your grandma; and I can see papa coming down the flume!"

The truth dawned on James Redmond as reason to a vacant mind, and almost overpowered his understanding. The wish of his heart was gratified and he was in possession of his child! It was a possession, however, to be speedily disputed. His first sensation at the sight of his approaching mother-in-law was one of anger and injustice; but when the unworthiness of his present position flashed upon him, he was thrown again into his former chaos of hopelessness and despair.

The scene had its effect on Grandma Grey. She was too agitated to recognize the rescuer of the children. She received Emerald from the tender embrace of the tramp, and hurried home just as Mr. Tull arrived on the scene.

He heard from Marjory the story of their narrow escape from death, and the timely arrival of the stranger to their rescue.

He held out his hand to the stranger. "How can I ever thank you?" he said, "but here is my card. Come to my office today and I shall reward you."

The tramp did not visit the office. He did not even go through the town. Instead, he followed a wide, dusty road that curved around the mountain, through the woods, and on, as it seemed, to nowhere. His one desire was to evade the dire hopelessness into which he felt himself steadily sinking.

Bitterness against the world, and especially against his haughty mother-in-law, surged through his breast; and poignant grief stung his heart as he thought of the past five years of separation she had caused him and his child. During the years of that estrangement he had known nothing to give him hope or encouragement. And now, when he had found the jewel of his life, and happiness was within his reach, circumstances had snatched it from him. Truly, he thought, he had drained the bitter dregs of life's cup.

A wanderer he was in the true sense of the word. He knew not a home, and owned no place whereupon to rest his weary head. A craving in his heart had urged him ever on in an untiring quest that failed to find contentment.

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The road, that had been growing less obvious as each mile was left behind, suddenly ended in a sloping curve around the mountain, and the traveler found himself facing a scene of desolation.

He was in a small, round canyon with towering mountains enclosing every side. It was devoid of life; and the heaps of debris, and the gaunt, black forms of fallen trees bespoke the ravages of a recent forest fire. It was a scene from which he wished to flee.

He abhorred the idea of retracing his steps, so, with a heavy sigh, he began the ascent of the steep mountain. It was a toilsome journey; his way led over the huge trunks of fallen trees, and the burning heat of the afternoon sun played in full force upon him.

The sun was sinking low in the West as James Redmond gained the top of the mountain, and stood spellbound at the sight before him.

On every side, as far as he could see, were the summits of mountain ridges growing purple in the distance and finally blending with the hazy colors of the evening sky. In the wildest of his imaginative fancies he had never dreamed of such sublimity of nature. He felt repaid for his weary journey and all his sufferings with this view. A tranquil joy settled upon him, and he felt the courage to begin life anew. He was at peace with his God and with the world.

He began to descend the other side of the mountain. As he looked down, far to one side, he could see in miniature the buildings of a town, and soon the panoramic view of Ozark was disclosed.

As he neared the village and saw the lights of the houses gleaming as a lesson to him, a wanderer, a strange yearning took hold of his heart.

The shades of night had fallen when a solitary figure made its way down the railroad track. It was the tramp of the morning. In the fierce battle that had waged in his heart at the beginning of the day, pride had overcome the love for his child. He was determined to make his fortune, and then return to Ozark prepared to meet his mother-in-law unflinchingly. The future stood out bright ahead of him, otherwise, he departed, as he had entered, Ozark.

ELIZABETH CORCORAN, Jan., '13.



## Our Christmas Que

A full moon hung over the crest of the hill, shedding its mellow light over the white and silent woods,—silent except for the cracking of the ice-covered branches and moaning of the heavily laden boughs as they were swayed now and then by a light breeze. A week ago there had been a slight thaw, and rain, followed by a cold biting blizzard which had frozen the lake to a depth of at least three feet, and which caused the little streams to cease flowing. Now every limb and bough was incased in a covering of ice, and the branches were so laden with snow that they threatened to snap and break off at every stirring of the breeze.

At first there seemed to be no signs of life in that silent forest, but from under the shadow of the firs and spruces, every now and then, a small white shape came bounding and went silently hopping down the dimmer aisles of the woods and avoiding the moonlit ones where perils lurked.

But near a clump of bushes, in one of these bright openings hemmed in by the tall trees, was a small white form bearing the silent winged terrors of the night. It was busily stripping and eating the bark from the twigs, and stopping at each slight sound to rise and nervously survey the gloom under the border of trees. Then it would crouch down again and resume its repast.

While the rabbit was thus engaged a long, drawn, wavering howl came floating through the still night. At this, the rabbit rose on its haunches, its great brown eyes staring into the shadow, its nose twitching nervously. Although it was just a young rabbit and had never heard the howl of a wolf before, it seemed to find something dangerous and ominous in those quavering notes which broke the stillness of the night. Once more came the cry of the hunting pack. The motionless animal crouching there by the bushes, crouched lower and went hopping into the shadows.

Everything was again silent,—even the breeze had ceased to blow. It seemed as if that cry had hushed the whole forest. But soon there came a crunching of snowshoes and a figure went striding across the open, talking to himself.

"I don't like them howls. Deer aint plentiful around here this winter and they can't be findin' good huntin'. It's a good thing I brung along this little rifle fer the young 'un. I guess I'll be all right anyhow, but I hope I reach the lake soon. It'll be lighter there. Oh! if I hadn't been such a fool last night to go on that there spree, I'd be home now. Christmas Eve and I aint home yet."



## TAMARACK.

This was an unusually long speech for Andy McDonald, who usually said not a word for hours at a time, when traveling alone in the woods. But he was angry at himself for celebrating the night before, and angry at his companion who had been with him. "And," he said to himself, "if me and you ever do a thing like that again the night before Christmas Eve me and you is going to have trouble." Last night he and his friend had gotten gloriously intoxicated, and as a result, instead of starting in the morning, it was well along in the afternoon before he strapped his pack on his back and plunged into the forest.

At first when he heard the wolves he had not thought much about it, but now it seemed to him that the howling was closer each time he heard it. And although he was a woodsman and hated to acknowledge that he was afraid of any of the wild creatures, a creepy feeling went down his back when he heard that long drawn howl again.

On he went through the forest. He looked behind him often but could see nothing. He could hear nothing, but he felt a vague sensation of fear, and wondered that a man like him, who had lived in the woods so long could be afraid. At last he became convinced that he was being followed but the sharpest scrutiny of the shadows revealed nothing. Once he saw some deer tracks leading across an opening and going in the same direction as he himself.

Finally he came in sight of the lake, shining and glistening in the moonlight, and was not much surprised to see deer tracks leading out upon it. The snow was deep and the deer had evidently been having a hard time to push through it. Then, looking across the lake, he saw the maker of the trail nearly across to the other side. While he was standing there watching that form out on the snow, he heard a slight sound behind him. Turning about quickly he saw as he had expected,—nothing. Without lingering any longer he started in the direction of the deer. He had not gone far when he looked back. There near the edge of the lake several of the pack were squatting on the snow, watching him. But when he raised the "young 'un's rifle" they fled to the shore and vanished in the shelter of the trees.

"Well, I'm glad I reached the lake when I did. They won't bother me, but I feel kinder sorry fer that there deer. And it's Christmas Eve, too."

He went on and at last overtook the deer. It was completely exhausted, and stood there looking at him. Its flanks were torn and bloody where the crust had cut in and where snow-covered branches had scratched

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them. His first impulse was to reach for his knife but—"It's Christmas Eve," he muttered, "why didn't that there fool deer have more sense than try to meander around in this deep snow?" Then he addressed the deer. "Poor feller, I hate to put an end to you, but if I don't them gray fellers across the lake will. Anyway, I'll do it quicker."

Not daring to look in the dark appealing eyes of the deer any longer he stepped back some distance. The little rifle spoke twice. "Poor feller. It's Christmas Eve, too." Then without looking at that lifeless form on the snow, the woodsman swiftly sped away on his snowshoes.

He was in the woods once more when he heard the wolves again. It was not the hunting cry, but that of triumph. Andy listened to the snarling and snapping for some time and then said, "If it wasn't Christmas Eve, I'd have stayed back there and got a few bounties. But I'll get some of the sneakin' devils yet." Then he went on and left that lake, where now, no dark form lay huddled on the snow,—only a few bones looking as white in the moonlight as the snow itself.

Finally he mounted the ridge and stood there on the summit looking into his own valley. There from the far-side, came a beam of light twinkling through the trees, that gleam which he knew would greet him, and that which he had longed to see all night. Shining and twinkling across the valley, and bringing to Andy that joy which he had been looking forward to so long. Then he turned about and looked at the now silent lake nestling there so peacefully among the hills, and muttered, "Poor feller. And it's Christmas Eve, too."

ROBERT YORKE.







## Bill Johnsing

Lis'n, my chil'un, an' lis'n agin,  
Remembah dis story ob woe;  
I'se gwine t' tell yuh agin ob de sin  
Dat done sen' Bill Johnsing below.

He wuz fat, he wuz full, an' as big as a bull;  
He laid roun' in front ob de stores;  
He git badder an' badder, an' tall as a ladder,  
He wake up de town wid his snores.

Now dere wuz Squiah Jones, he lib up de road  
Jes' erbout tree mile an' er half.  
He kep' some fine chick'ns, not much ob er load  
Fo' Billy t' carry, an' laugh.

'Twas er da'k stormy night, an' dere wuzn't no light,  
Kase de clouds done kivered de moon,  
Bill sta'ted at ten fo' t' git er fat hen,  
Jes' lak any thievin' ole coon.

His han' he done laid on a plump sleepy fowl,  
An' dat chick'n jes' let out er squawk,  
Lit right on Bill's head, an' he giv' er big howl,  
He hadn't no time fo' t' talk.

Bill run fo' de mill pond as fas' as he could,  
Dat chick'n wuz still on 'is head,  
He done plunged right in lak any coon would,  
An' sank to de bottom lak lead.

I've heered a good many kinds o' poor truck,  
Dyin' lak Billy in sin;  
People done say dat he tu'ned to a duck,  
Fo' dey've seen 'im agin an' agin.

Lis'n, my chil'un, an' nevah be willin'  
T' steal dat fat chick'n yuh love;  
Hens fo' a coon when dere ain't any moon,  
Won't git 'im a lodgin' above.

—Stuart Lower, June, '15.



## The Tangent Paths

The dim light of a wavering candle on the rough table hesitantly illumined a small circle, leaving a troop of shadows to play along the walls and in the corners of the little cabin. On opposite sides of the table two men sat in silence listening to the voice of the early winter blizzard. Even in the uncertain gloom their features and physiques were wonderfully defined. The weather-seamed face of the grizzled mountaineer contrasted strongly with the sunken, sallow cheeks of the visitor; the eyes of the former were keen and piercing, while those of the latter were dull and filmy; a full chest, broad shoulders, and a powerful stature marked the one a Hercules, but consumption had undeniably stooped the other's shoulders, and bleached his thin, wan skin.

"Why d'ye come out West?" asked Charley, interrupting the nerve-racking, monotonous clatter of the windowpane. A raucous cough rattled in the throat of the visitor as he started to answer. The mountaineer shuddered.

"Would you really like to know?" asked the visitor sadly after a moment of deep breathing.

"Kid, I like ye," explained Charley. "That's why I wouldn't let 'em make ye do the 'Fenderfoot Dance' down in Gilbert today. That's why I brought ye up here to winter with me. Now, Clyde—ye said your name wuz Clyde, didn't ye?—well, I want to know all erbout ye. To begin with, I can see thet ye aint no common scrub like me."

"Charley, I want you to know that I appreciate it all, too. You're the only man who has reached down to help me up since I hit the toboggan. If it hadn't have been for you I might have landed at the bottom with the other wrecks. I wasn't always on the decline—once I didn't know the taste of whiskey. Whiskey and consumption have almost done me up. Why, at one time I was manager of a big contracting firm in New York. We built skyscrapers.

"I was getting along fine when Cupid had to come along and stir things up. She (the girl, not Cupid) was the daughter of my firm's business rival. Mr. Marlowe never did take kindly to me and when I approached the subject of marriage he fairly exploded. He gave me to understand that I didn't have as much chance to win Neva as a snow-ball has to freeze up the infernal regions."

## TAMARACK.

"Bounced ye, eh?"

"That's it."

"Ye began to hit the 'rock and rye,' I s'pose?"

"Well, as a rule everyone does under the circumstances—I'm no exception. I turned loose of the ladder and fell back into the mire I had been so long in pulling away from. Anyone who is crossed in love is liable to do something desperate; I started out West."

The stranger fumbled in a vest pocket and drew out a beautifully scrolled gold watch. He handed it across the table, coughing convulsively as he did so.

"Her picture's inside," he explained. "All my dreams are dreams of her, all my happiest hours are spent in visionizing Neva."

Charley pressed the lid back and inspected the timepiece. A girl's face, dimpled and jolly, smiled up at him from the inside of the case where it was imprisoned.

"Gee, boy, she's a beaut! Ye ought to roped her. Aint ye never seen her since ye left Noo York?"

"No. I went to St. Louis and then to Joplin, intending to get into mining. I met two fellows, both married, who owned a shaft they said was going to be worth something some day. Oh, I was sure the original 'boob'. I invested what little money I had and we formed a partnership. They were older men than I and knew much more about mining."

Clyde's speech was interrupted by much coughing and his breath came in short gasps. Charley was now leaning forward with his elbows on the table and his chin cradled in his upturned palms. He had to listen attentively to catch the low-spoken, jerky words, which were often almost drowned in a growl of the storm.

"I'll bet those fellows buncoed ye," he commented.

Clyde ignored the comment and continued his narrative. "Since I was not familiar with underground work, but did know something about machinery, I was given charge of the surface work; in fact, I did the surface work. I was my own boss, my own engineer, and my own crew. We had a steam-hoister by which the dirt was raised out of the shaft. The cable wound on a spool that was operated by a steam engine through a train of gear wheels.

"We sold our ore to a neutral smelter that handled all the lead in that section. I noticed at the very first that we weren't turning out a high

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per cent of lead, but my partners said that sometimes a vein would run poor for several weeks and then pick up again.

"One morning, after a very chilly night, I was going to let the men down, when a serious accident occurred. There they stood in the tub—Oh God! I can see 'em now—swinging over the black hole. I threw the clutch out, thus disconnecting the engine and the gear wheels. The tub shot down ward. I applied the brake to regulate the speed. *It failed to take hold!* I knew immediately what was wrong. During the previous night, which was exceedingly cold, the iron had contracted. Without being able to use the brake, I was powerless to avert the fatal accident.

"I could save them only by risking my own life. The whole situation flashed upon me. They had loving families; no one would have shed a tear for me,—Neva probably never would have known. They had much to live for; I was alone in the world. It all happened as quick as you can snap your finger. What I did is included in the snap.' I lurched forward, throwing my arm in the spinning cogs of the gear wheels. A terrible pain shot through my body, I heard flesh and bones tear and crack, and then a deep blackness encompassed me.

"I came to my senses three days later and found that my left forearm had been amputated. I learned that my preserved partners had sold the steam-hoister and left town. The whole affair had been a 'skin game' which left me without money and without an arm. The loss of the limb didn't hurt me so much as the way they treated me. I willingly gave that arm to save them, and I had thought of their families, too."

The stranger opened his watch and gazed down at the merry face. "Oh! If I could have done something like that for you I'd—I'd—" his voice failed, his head dropped, and his body pitched forward on the table. The stub of his left arm almost extinguished the candle as he brushed it. The flame flickered uncertainly, wavered, died down, sputtered stubbornly, and then burned on.

Charley hurriedly gathered the limp body up in his big strong arms, thinking that life had departed. He laid his burden on the bunk. But the "mirror test" proved that life still existed—proved that the candle still burned. A few doses of whiskey restored the consumptive to consciousness.

"What happened?" he asked slowly.

"Oh, nothin'. Ye jest went to sleep, thet's all. Now lay still. Better get to sleep, it's almost midnight."

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"But I—I have—your bunk," feebly protested the stranger. "I can't take your bed."

"Ah, that's all right. I want to sit in front o' the fire-place and think. Ye git to sleep."

Gray dawn was streaking the eastern sky when Charley pulled himself together and fanned the inactive embers into a roaring flame. He turned and gazed at the vaguely outlined form on the bunk.

"Poor kid," he muttered, "I guess it's up to me to do what I can fer ye. It's a durned good thing I've changed a lot. If ye knew me ye wouldn't stay here a minute, and I wouldn't blame ye. But I'm mighty glad ye don't know me, fer I want to make good. I aint got nothin' to live fer now—she's gone. Ye plucky little devil, ye gambled with Fate onct to save me fer her. I'm agoin' to see if I can't turn the same trick for you. You're goin' to pull through, er my name aint Charley. Our paths have met, kid; but they won't cross. They're goin' on as if there wuz only one path."

With that determination in his mind Charley nursed Clyde all winter long. There were many sacrifices that tended to firmly seal the bonds of friendship that sprang up between the two men. Each saw in the other his own ideal of what a man should be. The paths were truly merging, slowly but surely. The consumptive was undergoing a gradual transformation. His voice lost its hollow tones, his eyes brightened, and the stooping shoulders straightened and squared.

The dwindling weeks slipped by so rapidly that the advent of spring seemed premature. One evening in early April, after the supper dishes were cleared away, the two men drew up before the open fire.

"Well, kid," Charley remarked, blowing a huge circle of smoke ceilingward, "this crisp mountain air's done quite a bit fer your cough, aint it?"

"It's entirely gone. I feel as fine as I ever did. I wouldn't leave this place for anything. Yes—one thing could draw me away.

"And what's that?"

Clyde did not answer but tapped his watch-pocket. The other understood. After a short silence Charley broached the subject of gold mining.

"Do ye know, kid, that we're pannin' out more 'dust' than anybody else in this section? It sure wuz your lucky day when ye stumbled onto them nuggets in Salmon Creek. No tellin' how long the stuff'll last, either."

"Ah! Gold is a curse when you can't buy what you want," said Clyde dejectedly. "I'd give every cent I possess to be back in dear old



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New York with Neva on one side and you on the other. I guess it's not to be that way, so I'll try to be satisfied here."

They talked of many other things and finally after a sleepy yawn and an extended stretch, Charley decided to retire. Clyde remained seated in the ruddy glow of the fire. Every night he sat thus and conjured up visions of the girl in the case. Every night he dreamed of her. The smoke, as it lazily curled up from the sparks on the hearth, fancifully wreathed itself into her features.

Charley had gone to bed, but he did not sleep. He lay watching the benign smile that enlightened the face of the dreamer.

"It's a shame," he thought. "That fellow's strong again and jest as good as he ever wuz, exceptin' his arm." He thought deeply for a moment. "I wonder if I could? Well, it won't hurt to try, anyway. If it don't work nothin's lost. He risked his life onct fer me and I've got to do somethin' fer him. By Gum, I'll tackle it!"

With that determination Charley went to sleep and awoke the next morning with the spirit of action and anxiety in his every movement.

"Boy, I've got to go down to Gilbert, today," he said at the breakfast table. "I'll get back as soon as possible."

"But it's cloudy, Charley. You'd better wait a day or two. They say the snow slides are dangerous just above Deadman's Creek."

"Hang the snow slides! I've got to go. Got to do it. Important business."

After his partner had gone Clyde tried to determine what important business drew Charley to Gilbert. The mountaineer usually confided in him, so this must have been something out of the ordinary.

Just before sundown Charley returned. He did not mention his trip but was very nervous and tried to eat his soup with a knife. That night there was no after-supper chat, for the weary miner went to bed early. While Clyde sat in his arm-chair, dreaming as ever of the girl, he heard Charley mumble in his sleep, "It's got to work," over and over again.

For five days he was so nervous and peculiar that Clyde decided something serious had occurred at Gilbert. The mountaineer ate very little and drank his coffee black. On the sixth day his case became next to hopeless. He barely spoke to his partner and paced the floor as if half demented.

"Ought to happen today," he kept saying.

He stopped in front of the window many times. "Hang the luck,"

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he would say, "it's so foggy I can't see fifty yards. Pity it couldn't have been a bright day; I could have seen down the mountain. Doggone this weather! Ye can't tell if it's goin' to rain er not."

Thus, the morning wore slowly away. The men had just sat down to the noonday meal, when the rattle of wheels brought them both to their feet. Charley reached the window first and planted his huge frame directly in front of it. Clyde sought in vain to get a glimpse of the approaching vehicle. The mountaineer chuckled complacently as the young man danced nervously back and forth.

The suspense was soon broken. The rattle of the wheels stopped. In another moment the little cabin door swung slowly open, allowing the sweet breath of mountain flowers to usher a young woman into the homely room. A cry of joy and a sob of exultation were mingled as Clyde leaped forward to embrace the girl. Just then, the sunshine, bursting through the blanket of clouds, was paneled by the window and fell across the closely embraced lovers.

"Well, durn my old hide, the sun's goin' to shine arter all," commented Charley, as he judiciously turned and gazed down the mountain to the confluence of two impetuous rivulets.

June, '12.







## The Declaration of Independence\*

In Independence Hall on July Fourth, seventeen seventy six, was adopted a document, which as some of us think, will go marching on to the world's end. We would like to believe that outside the hall, on that memorable day, was an eager, expectant throng waiting for the good news that our independence was declared; that on that day occurred a real Fourth of July celebration; and that, up in the old belfry tower an old man waited with his hand on the bell rope, straining his ears for a boy's footsteps on the ladder, and the now familiar "Ring, ring for liberty."

Though there was no celebration that day the phrases of the declaration still fire and cheer the hearts of men. But does the doctrine which it teaches still live in our Fourth of July celebrations? Does it still live in our principles of action, in the things we do, in the measures we approve? Every Fourth of July should be a time for examining our standards, for determining afresh what form of power and government we think most likely to affect our welfare. That, and that alone, is the obligation the declaration lays upon us. Those brave statesmen and thinkers, who drew it up, felt heavily their obligation to give to their country, laws which it could rely upon and live by; and it obligates those who receive its benefits to think likewise.

In 1760 a change occurred in the Colonial policy of Great Britain. Up to this time no serious opposition had been aroused, probably because the Colonists felt confident in the justice of the British Government. Sir Robert Walpole and his immediate successors were interested in securing the safe establishment of the House of Hanover on the throne of England. Therefore their policy was, in the main, prudent, carefully avoiding all measures which would be likely to arouse opposition at home or in the Colonies.

In 1760 George III ascended to the throne with the fixed purpose of assuming to the throne, many of the powers, which, by the constitution of England, did not belong to it. Continental wars continually drained the

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\*NOTE: This oration, written by a member of the present Senior A Class, was awarded first place in the oratorical contest held under auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution on Washington's birthday.

*Thirty-three*

## TAMARACK

Imperial treasury and the inventive genius of the King and the statesmen continually planned new schemes for the creation of a revenue adequate to meet enormous expenditures of government. However, despite the navigation acts and kindred measures the American Colonies grew rich and powerful. They were liberal in the contribution of men and money in the long war between the French and the English—they were in truth the King's liege people. Such fidelity, generosity and loyalty should have excited England to reciprocate and requite the service. On the contrary it excited her jealousy. Greater exactions and more flagrant acts of injustice were imposed. She seemed to regard the Americans as industrious bees working in her own apiary laying up stores of honey for her special use and receiving only the poor requital of a little treacle.

Finally the general sentiment was one of fierce opposition to the enforcement of these laws. The custom officials were powerless to prevent smuggling. Then it was that the writs of assistance were issued, which authorized officials to seize smuggled goods wherever found. The eloquence of James Otis, in his famous speech voiced the thoughts of the people like an alarm bell and aroused the hearts of thinking men all over the country. Every man of that immense audience appeared to go away ready to take up arms against the writs of assistance. "It was then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years he grew to manhood and was free."

The Writs of Assistance touched the interests of the Commercial men—the Stamp Act, of the whole people. Fierce was the tempest of indignation, which followed the announcement of its enactment, throughout the country. It was now that Patrick Henry burst from his chrysalis of obscurity and enchanted his country with the brilliancy of his eloquence.

English people would not volunteer to fight the Americans and the King had to hire, in all, nearly thirty thousand Hessians for the work. The knowledge of that fact cut the last bond that held us bound to the mother country. When Dr. Franklin stood before the British Parliament he stated that he had never heard anyone express a desire for independence. The Americans had no thought of separation until the King had forced it upon them. There was no choice left.

In June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee offered this resolution in Congress: "Resolved, That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." Congress knew that it was playing with fire in considering such a resolution as this. So hazardous was the matter

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regarded for those taking the initiative that in recording their resolutions neither their substance nor the names of the men were mentioned. The hearts of a majority now yearned with an irrepressible zeal for the consummation of an event which they knew to be inevitable, and for the carrying out of which, they took their lives in their hands. For a time it seemed that there was no one courageous enough in that assembly to step forth and take the momentous responsibility of lifting the knife that should dismember the British Empire. The royal government would mark the man as an arch rebel, and all its energies would be brought to bear to quench his spirit or to hang him on the gibbet.

They were then at the culmination of a tremendous controversy over alleged grievances of the most serious kind—a controversy that had been raging for at least twelve years. During the course of that dispute, every phase of it, whether personal or constitutional, had been presented in almost every conceivable form. At last they had resolved, in view of all this experience, in view of all the danger it involved, no longer to prosecute the controversy as members of the Empire; they had resolved to revolt, and establish themselves as a new nation among the nations of the earth.

In this emergency Jefferson was called upon to put into form a suitable statement of the chief considerations which prompted them to this great act of revolution; and which, as they believed, justified it. What, then, was Jefferson to do? Was he to set before them a calm, judicial treatise on History and Politics with a particular application to Anglo-American affairs—a sort of prize dissertation? Was he not, rather, to regard himself as the mouthpiece of the people he represented? Was he not to gather up into his own soul their very thoughts and passions; their ideas of constitutional law; their notions of justice; and, to sum up the wrongs which seemed to them intolerable?

Have you not a picture of Jefferson shut away in his upstairs room, studying day after day to put into words the thoughts and the ideas which were in the hearts of every true American? It not only voiced the sentiment of times but its phraseology is that of the champions of constitutional history—the Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, and the Petition of Right. But the Declaration of Independence was individualized by the character of the author. When Jefferson had gathered up their thoughts, emotions, and even their characteristic phrases, he incorporated them perfectly with what was already in his mind, and mustered them in that stately triumphant procession

## TAMARACK.

wherein they will go marching on forever, "He put into it something that no one else had to give—himself; his own genius; his faith in his ideas; his intolerance of injustice, and his faith in God."

At last it was finished: It represented the best he had to give and it was ready to be submitted.

Day after day saw Congress filled with the solemn-faced representatives; some afraid to take the plunge, fearful of the results, others eagerly anxious to have it done with quickly.

Gradually the number for independence crept up, every change of front becoming a matter of dramatic interest. Mr. Hewes, who had been against it, started suddenly upright and lifting both hands to heaven, cried out, "It is done; and I will abide by it."

At last the final speeches had been made, the final opinions given and the final vote taken. It was two o'clock in the afternoon of July the fourth. A heavy silence pervaded the room. Their white faces showed tense in the sunlight that streamed through the windows. Secretary Thomson arose and announced the decision. A deeper silence, if possible, pervaded that august assemblage, broken only, as tradition says, by Dr. Franklin: "Gentlemen, we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately." Napoleon said, "The finger of God was there." It remains today one of the grandest monuments in the progress of human freedom.

OLIVE TURNER. June, '12.

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### The Song of the Senior

With brain so wear and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A Senior sat, in unseniorly way  
Scratching with pencil his head.  
"Toil! Toil! Toil!  
In the morning, at noon, and at night,  
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
Prof. says 'No credit in sight.'

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"Work! Work! Work!

While the cock is crowing aloof,  
And work, work, work,  
Till the stars seem to shine through the roof.  
Oh! to be only a shark,  
And get things down with a jerk!  
'Then no toil would be needed to give me a mark,  
And everything would I shirk!"

"Work! Work! Work!

Till the brain begins to swim,  
Work! Work! Work!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;  
Chemistry, history and Latin,  
Latin, history and chem.,  
Till over the English I fall asleep,  
And wildly dream of them.

"O mothers of Seniors bright!

O fathers with daughters and sons!  
'Tis not books they're wearing out,  
But brains, and brains by tons!  
Toil! Toil! Toil!

In morning, at noon, and at night,  
Plodding along with diploma ahead,  
Till then I'll keep in the fight!

"But why do I talk of work?

School's not the phantom it seems.  
I know that when I must depart  
I'll find what real work means.  
Fun! Fun! Fun!

That's what it is, all right;  
Consider the joys of high-school days,  
For there's always work in sight."

Mildred Strong, June, '12.

*Thirty-seven*



## The School Song



O Red and Black,  
Dear Red and Black,  
Our hearts are true to you;  
On field and track  
You never lack,  
And win the honors, too;  
From dear Spokane through every land,  
The name of our school cry—  
We're through and through North Siders true,  
North Central High.







R. T. HARGREAVES



L. W. SAWTELLE



# SENIOR A CLASS OFFICERS



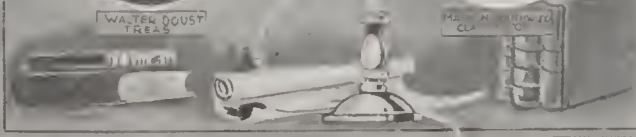
VINCE WHITE



WALTER OGUST  
TREAS



MARION HATHORN  
CLY





## Class Poem

O ye striving, struggling mortals,  
In your endless strife and toil,  
Stop ye only for a moment  
And harken, prithee, to our song.  
Open wide your arms, receive us,  
Swinging past the harbor bar  
Of the prelude to our manhood,  
Where Hope beckons from afar.  
We are entering the ocean  
Of a broad, discordant life.  
Look not on us with your pity,  
Scorn, nor malice, at our weakness;  
For we enter life as you did,  
With the wisdom of our masters  
And the courage of our years.  
And although we may have weakness,  
Bear with us for yet awhile,  
For as truly as ye ventured,  
Just so truly now come we,  
Battling with life's trials and hardships,  
And determined to succeed.  
True, we've not the strong convictions  
Of ye elders of our race,  
And we may experience changes  
In our minds, ideas, thoughts;  
But believe us, ultimately  
We shall truly win the fight,  
For have not we thy example,  
Thy experience and teachings?  
And as now we knock for entrance  
To the life we all must live,  
And we thread the hazy passage  
Of our early, glorious years,  
Take an interest in our coming—

## TAMTRACK.

Help us, on your side, to win—  
For without your recognizance  
And your welcome to our coming,  
Can we hope to do our best?  
Therefore, while our ship is passing,  
Signal us to join the battle  
For the good, the right, the true,  
And together we shall win it.  
Deeds, not words, O precious morals!  
Hark ye to our earnest song,  
For we have no time to banter,  
But saluting wave our colors,  
And the lavender-and-purple  
Proudly floating in the zephyrs cheers us  
Onward—On into the fray of life.  
True, the storm is loudly raging,  
And the tempest will not cease;  
Tho' the hurricane will shake us,  
Yet we do not cringe or cower.  
And we seek not to evade  
All the sorrows of our birthright,  
Turning unaccustomed faces  
To the fury of the blasts.  
And with hearts so strong and steadfast,  
We resist it to the last.  
Therefore take us, sons of mankind,  
For our childhood days are done,  
We have struggled all through high school,  
And the struggle must go on.  
All the youths and comely maidens  
Entering life from high school drill,  
Now determine fates and fortunes  
Of the June Class, Nineteen Twelve.

MARION WISE.  
MARIE SCROGGIN.



### ETHEL ALLEN

Appearance: Serene.

Present Occupation: Working the principal.

Ambition: To be an expert stenographer.

Favorite Song: "Won't You Throw a Kiss to Me?"

Favorite Expression: "I hit the wrong key, Steve."

### GLEN ALVERSON

Appearance: All in.

Present Occupation: Loafing.

Ambition: To rest.

Favorite Song: "Say, Boys! I've Found a Girl."

Favorite Expression: "Let me sleep."

### CAMILLE BERRY

Appearance: Calm.

Present Occupation: Making dates.

Ambition: To get settled.

Favorite Song: "Over the Garden Wall."

Favorite Expression: "Where Did You Get Your Cards?"

### ELIZABETH BERTENSHAW

Appearance: Stately.

Present Occupation: Smiling.

Ambition: To do missionary work.

Favorite Song: "Floating Along."

Favorite Expression: "Let it go."





### CLAUDINE BROWN

Appearance: Plump.  
Present Occupation: Hunting for "Pat."  
Ambition: To make a hit.  
Favorite Song: "Like the Rose, You're the Fairest Flower."  
Favorite Expression: "Has anybody asked you yet?"

### MARY BROWN

Appearance: Meek.  
Present Occupation: Keeping quiet.  
Ambition: To be quick.  
Favorite Song: "Mary Took the Calves to the Dairy Show."  
Favorite Expression: "Sh!! Sh!!"

### NEVA BUCHER

Appearance: Love-sick.  
Present Occupation: Writing to "Clyde."  
Ambition: To marry a *single* man.  
Favorite Song: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"  
Favorite Expression: "I don't care if he is a Swede."

### ALICE BURNETT

Appearance: Short but sweet.  
Present Occupation: Primping.  
Ambition: To keep house for "Jack."  
Favorite Song: "Love Days."  
Favorite Expression: "Don't you know Jack?"



## HELEN BURNHAM

Appearance: Spontaneous combustion.  
 Present Occupation: Talking.  
 Ambition: To become fleshy.  
 Favorite Song: "Some Day When Dreams  
 Come True."  
 Favorite Expression: "Bum joke."

## MABEL CARLSON

Appearance: Proud.  
 Present Occupation: Starring.  
 Ambition: To become a soubrette.  
 Favorite Song: "I Want to Be the Lead-  
 ing Lady."  
 Favorite Expression: "Oh! My lieuten-  
 ant!!"

## MARITA CARR

Appearance: Finicky.  
 Present Occupation: Bluffing.  
 Ambition: To get someone to do her  
 English.  
 Favorite Song: "I Don't Care."  
 Favorite Expression: "I don't know."

## MARY CAUGHEY

Appearance: Happy.  
 Present Occupation: Beating around the  
 bush.  
 Ambition: To be a second Jessie Shirley.  
 Favorite Song: "Oh! You Beautiful Doll."  
 Favorite Expression: "Shut up."



### ETTA CLEARY

Appearance: Cute.

Present Occupation: Going to the "American."

Ambition: To paint the town red.

Favorite Song: "Orchestra Rag."

Favorite Expression: "I've got the grandest man."

### INEZ CRIPPEN

Appearance: Easy-going.

Present Occupation: Saying "Hello, Max."

Ambition: To keep saying "Hello, Max."

Favorite Song: "My Old Man Is Baseball Mad."

Favorite Expression: "Don't ask me."

### BESS DAVENPORT

Appearance: Coquettish.

Present Occupation: Entertaining a certain friend.

Ambition: To keep a boy that knocks (Knox).

Favorite Song: "Naughty Eyes."

Favorite Expression: "What did you do last night?"

### ELVA DERR

Appearance: Youthful.

Present Occupation: Cramming.

Ambition: To be an old maid.

Favorite Song: "Sweet Sixteen."

Favorite Expression: "Dear, oh dear."



### FLORENCE DICKSON

Appearance: Little, but Oh my!  
 Present Occupation: \* Saying "Goodnight."  
 Ambition: To be tall and stately.  
 Favorite Song: "Everybody Acts Like Us  
 When They're in Love."  
 Favorite Expression: "Robby, you old  
 prune."

### MARIE DOOSE

Appearance: Athletic.  
 Present Occupation: Playing pinochle.  
 Ambition: To be related to John Smith.  
 (I guess not "John.")  
 Favorite Song: "I'd Rather Two-Step  
 Than Waltz, Waldo."  
 Favorite Expression: "Oh, Walt!"

### WALTER DOUST

Appearance: Elongated.  
 Present Occupation: Writing receipts.  
 Ambition: To capture a "Hare."  
 Favorite Song: "Put Me Among the  
 Girls."  
 Favorite Expression: "Oh, Tessie!"

### MARGARET DUFFIELD

Appearance: Pretty.  
 Present Occupation: Blushing.  
 Ambition: To be or not to be.  
 Favorite Song: "Let's Go Home."  
 Favorite Expression: "Say——"



### ADA DURKEE

Appearance: Spanish.  
 Present Occupation: Making curls.  
 Ambition: To find a pin.  
 Favorite Song: "Not Because My Hair Is Curly."  
 Favorite Expression: "Don't get in a rush."

### WAYNE DURHAM

Appearance: Sporty.  
 Present Occupation: Playing ragtime.  
 Ambition: To get a front seat.  
 Favorite Song: "Honey Man."  
 Favorite Expression: "Weally, now."

### ERNA DYE

Appearance: Gloomy.  
 Present Occupation: Getting excused.  
 Ambition: To be a Latin teacher.  
 Favorite Song: "Just Some One."  
 Favorite Expression: "I didn't get this very well."

### MAY EVANSON

Appearance: Prim.  
 Present Occupation: Being good.  
 Ambition: To be a society leader.  
 Favorite Song: "Love Me All the Time."  
 Favorite Expression: "Oh, yes."





### JACOB FOSS

Appearance: Clerical.

Present Occupation: Making a stab at it.

Ambition: To pursue the flowery path of knowledge.

Favorite Song: "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl."

Favorite Expression: "Who said so?"

### FLORENCE FOLEY.

Appearance: Supernatural.

Present Occupation: Minding her own business.

Ambition: To capture a man.

Favorite Song: "I'm Looking for a Sweet-heart."

Favorite Expression: "Come here, kid."

### RUTH FISKÉN

Appearance: Artistic.

Present Occupation: Peddling hot air.

Ambition: To be a bill poster.

Favorite Song: "Something Tells Me So."

Favorite Expression: "Is that a fact?"

### FORREST GAILLAC

Appearance: Exhausted.

Present Occupation: Keeping peace.

Ambition: To be graceful.

Favorite Song: "Gee, I Like Music With My Meals."

Favorite Expression: "Say, I like to rag."





### HELEN GIFFORD

Appearance: Catchy.

Present Occupation: Teaching Sunday school.

Ambition: To keep on teaching Sunday school.

Favorite Song: "Fussy Rag."

Favorite Expression: "Rats!!"

### JAMES GIBBONS

Appearance: Lazy.

Present Occupation: Painting scenery.

Ambition: To run a dime museum.

Favorite Song: "Nothing to Do Till Tomorrow."

Favorite Expression: "Look out for that bucket of paint!"

### HELEN GOETZ

Appearance: Dashing.

Present Occupation: Studying "chem."

Ambition: To get a sheepskin.

Favorite Song: "Bright Eyes."

Favorite Expression: "Oh, glorious."

### REINE GRINSFELDER

Appearance: Neglected.

Present Occupation: Reciting.

Ambition: To be a second Kubelik.

Favorite Song: "That Loving Strain."

Favorite Expression: "Aunty says that's what they're wearing back east."



### GLADYS HALL

Appearance: Angular.  
 Present Occupation: Wondering.  
 Ambition: To be impressive.  
 Favorite Song: "None of Them's Got  
 Anything on Me."  
 Favorite Expression: "That's rich."

### AMY HALLAHAN

Appearance: Childish.  
 Present Occupation: Trying to make her-  
 self heard.  
 Ambition: To be a disciplinarian.  
 Favorite Song: "In a Little While."  
 Favorite Expression: "Oh, mother."

### LEON HILLS

Appearance: Jappy.  
 Present Occupation: Dusting.  
 Ambition: To keep "the blonde."  
 Favorite Song: "I'd Like to Live in Love-  
 land With a Girl Like You."  
 Favorite Expression: "Yiss."

### EUGENE HITT

Appearance: Dejected.  
 Present Occupation: Chasing the "Wid-  
 der."  
 Ambition: To do that which is worthy of  
 the name.  
 Favorite Song: "Gee, But It's Great to  
 Meet a Friend From Your Home Town."  
 Favorite Expression: "Is that so?"



### EMMA KIENHOLZ

Appearance: Giggly.  
Present Occupation: Giggling.  
Ambition: To be a dairy maid.  
Favorite Song: "They Always Pick on Me."  
Favorite Expression: "Tee hee! Tee hee!"

### BERTHA LEHR

Appearance: Modest.  
Present Occupation: An unsolved mystery.  
Ambition: To capture a fortune.  
Favorite Song: "Dark Eyes."  
Favorite Expression: "Oh, dear."

### OLAF LINDGREN

Appearance: Tow-head.  
Present Occupation: Bluffing "Hemp."  
Ambition: To go to Minnesota.  
Favorite Song: "Oh, You Blondy."  
Favorite Expression: "It's awful to be so lanky."

### KATE LUCAS

Appearance: Fickle.  
Present Occupation: Getting jokes.  
Ambition: To live in a bungalow.  
Favorite Song: "Linger Longer, Lovie."  
Favorite Expression: "Bluey! Bluey!"



### HARLAN MARTIN

Appearance: Lonely.

Present Occupation: Pressing.

Ambition: To be a second "Mr. Wallace."

Favorite Song: "Yip-I-Addy-I-Aye."

Favorite Expression: "Why don't the girls look at me?"

### GERTRUDE McDERMOTT

Appearance: Inspired.

Present Occupation: "Nuff sed."

Ambition: To find a nice quiet spot.

Favorite Song: "Every Little Bit Added to What You Got."

Favorite Expression: "That's funny."

### JENNIE MENDHAM

Appearance: Nobby.

Present Occupation: Eating.

Ambition: To cultivate a harmonious laugh.

Favorite Song: "Powder Rag."

Favorite Expression: "Search me, I don't know."

### RUTH MERLING

Appearance: Stubby.

Present Occupation: Carrying books.

Ambition: To be a suffragette.

Favorite Song: "Look in the Book and See."

Favorite Expression: "Listen! t"



### GEORGIA MILLER

Appearance: Overloaded.  
Present Occupation: Looking wistful.  
Ambition: It would take a book.  
Favorite Song: "I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie."  
Favorite Expression: "Watch me."

### LEILA MILLER

Appearance: Brick.  
Present Occupation: Writing themes.  
Ambition: Ask her.  
Favorite Song: "Red and Black."  
Favorite Expression: "Aye! there spake Caesar."

### VIVIAN MORISSEY

Appearance: Petite.  
Present Occupation: Fussing.  
Ambition: To make switches.  
Favorite Song: "Rufus Ramus Johnson Brown."  
Favorite Expression: "Did you go?"

### LILLIAN MUIR

Appearance: Chunky.  
Present Occupation: Cramming.  
Ambition: To be a dressmaker.  
Favorite Song: "The Month of June Is a Month of Love."  
Favorite Expression: "Don't talk to me, I'm busy."





### EDGAR MYERS

Appearance: Mum.

Present Occupation: Looking grave.

Ambition: To quench his thirst.

Favorite Song: "The Person That Wrote  
'Home Sweet Home' Never Was a Mar-  
ried Man."

Favorite Expression: Hasn't any.

### PAUL NEILL

Appearance: Grouchy.

Present Occupation: Urging the staff.

Ambition: To run a "hot-dog" factory.

Favorite Song: "Nobody Loves a Fat  
Man."

Favorite Expression: "That's right, rub  
it in."

### CORNELIA OERTER

Appearance: Loose.

Present Occupation: Chewing gum.

Ambition: To go to Portland with the  
Elks.

Favorite Song: "When Jack Comes Sail-  
ing Home."

Favorite Expression: "Mustn't look, little  
one."

### AGNES OLIVER

Appearance: Bewitching.

Present Occupation: Rising at 5 o'clock.

Ambition: To become a drawing teacher.

Favorite Song: "If Someone Only Cared  
for Me."

Favorite Expression: "If I get a bid."





### EDITH ORR

Appearance: Striking.  
Present Occupation: Dancing.  
Ambition: To be a dancing teacher.  
Favorite Song: "My Great Big Brother Sylvest."  
Favorite Expression: "My program's full, thank you."

### ROBERT OWEN

Appearance: Square.  
Present Occupation: Feasting on chocolate cookies.  
Ambition: To lease stairs in the back of the Auditorium.  
Favorite Song: "Don't Take Me Home."  
Favorite Expression: "Checkmated, by gum!"

### LETA PERRY

Appearance: Pallid.  
Present Occupation: Roasting teachers.  
Ambition: To murder the faculty.  
Favorite Song: "Dreaming."  
Favorite Expression: "Rotten! Rotten!"

### ELSIE PHILLIPS

Appearance: All eyes.  
Present Occupation: Expostulating.  
Ambition: To discard ribbons.  
Favorite Song: "Any Old Time at All."  
Favorite Expression: "Oh, my goodness."



### FLORA PRESTON

Appearance: Motherly.

Present Occupation: Arguing.

Ambition: To be Washington's first lady senator.

Favorite Song: "Bless Your Ever Loving Little Heart."

Favorite Expression: "It seems to me—"

### SOPHIE RANBERG

Appearance: Bleached.

Present Occupation: Gossiping.

Ambition: To be a waitress.

Favorite Song: "Mysterious Rag."

Favorite Expression: "Have you heard it?"

### JOSEPHINE RHOADES

Appearance: Lacking.

Present Occupation: Keeping busy.

Ambition: To be a lady barber.

Favorite Song: "School Days."

Favorite Expression: (We couldn't find out.)

### RALPH ROBINSON

Appearance: Henpecked.

Present Occupation: Saying "Goodnight."

Ambition: Florence knows.

Favorite Song: "Let's Make Love While the Moon Shines."

Favorite Expression: "Oh, just one more, Dick."



### CHRIS ROHWER

Appearance: Ancient.

Present Occupation: Being nice.

Ambition: To get to heaven by his own aid

Favorite Song: "Take a Little Tip From Father."

Favorite Expression: "Our forefathers did it this way."

### RUTH ROGERS

Appearance: Neat.

Present Occupation: Promoting silence.

Ambition: To be forever silent.

Favorite Song: "Put Your Foot on the Soft, Soft Pedal."

Favorite Expression: "Quiet, now, quiet."

### EDITH RYAN

Appearance: Bashful.

Present Occupation: Flirting.

Ambition: Has none.

Favorite Song: "Hobble Rag."

Favorite Expression: "These boys!"

### MILDRED SCHOLER

Appearance: Gilt top.

Present Occupation: Writing her autobiography.

Ambition: To be a history shark.

Favorite Song: "Redhead."

Favorite Expression: "I think so, too."



### MARIE SCROGGIN

Appearance: Mistreated.  
 Present Occupation: Jumping around.  
 Ambition: To sing at the "Clem."  
 Favorite Song: "Smarty, Smarty, Smarty."  
 Favorite Expression: "You're not so Wise, Marion."

### EDNA SELANDER

Appearance: Faded.  
 Present Occupation: Getting rattled.  
 Ambition: ? ?  
 Favorite Song: "You've Got to Quit Kicking My Dog Around."  
 Favorite Expression: "Got your lesson, kid?"

### WALTER SHUEY

Appearance: Accomplished.  
 Present Occupation: Courting "Kennedy."  
 Ambition: To manufacture butter.  
 Favorite Song: "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad."  
 Favorite Expression: "Sugaration!"

### MARION SOUTHWOOD

Appearance: Formal.  
 Present Occupation: Giving advice.  
 Ambition: To run a boarding house.  
 Favorite Song: "You Can't Expect Kisses From Me."  
 Favorite Expression: "Art said—"



### MABEL STEWART

Appearance: Abbreviated.  
Present Occupation: Getting out of tests.  
Ambition: To become the teacher's pet.  
Favorite Song: "I Remember You."  
Favorite Expression: "Oh, girls!"

### MILDRED STRONG

Appearance: Doleful.  
Present Occupation: Thinking.  
Ambition: To ride in an automobile.  
Favorite Song: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."  
Favorite Expression: "You don't say so."

### MINNIE TANNER

Appearance: Pouty.  
Present Occupation: Trying to get 98 per cent.  
Ambition: To find "Vincent."  
Favorite Song: "Somewhere."  
Favorite Expression: "If you do that I'll cry."

### GEORGE TEEL

Appearance: Sleepy.  
Present Occupation: Absolutely nothing.  
Ambition: To get eight hours sleep.  
Favorite Song: "Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep."  
Favorite Expression: "Are you going to the dance?"





## GLENN TOLLENAAR

Appearance: Waxen.

Present Occupation: Keeping in style.

Ambition: To run a picture show.

Favorite Song: "I Would Like Someone to Love Me."

Favorite Expression: "Got a match?"

## JESSIE TORRENCE

Appearance: Sweet.

Present Occupation: Adoring "Freshies."

Ambition: To keep her nose powdered.

Favorite Song: "Everyone Is in Slumberland but You and Me."

Favorite Expression: "I can say nothing more."

## KIRBY TORRENCE

Appearance: Happy.

Present Occupation: Making drops and curves.

Ambition: To play tiddle-dey-winks.

Favorite Song: "Oh, Those Dear Delightful Women."

Favorite Expression: "Aw, you're out a mile."

## JOHN TRUESDELL

Appearance: Self-important.

Present Occupation: Trying to impress others.

Ambition: To stunt his growth.

Favorite Song: "You'll Never Know What a Good Fellow I've Been."

Favorite Expression: "You can't argue, can you?"





### MARION TURNER

Appearance: Pathetic.

Present Occupation: Carrying extra sub subjects.

Ambition: To look sweet.

Favorite Song: "Don't You Mind It, Honey."

Favorite Expression: "Will you tell me?"

### OLIVE TURNER

Appearance: Oratorical.

Present Occupation: Posing.

Ambition: To be Cleopatra II.

Favorite Song: "Are You Sincere?"

Favorite Expression: "Give me liberty or give me death."

### VINCENT WHITE

Appearance: Some signs of intelligence.

Present Occupation: Catching the owl car.

Ambition: To be tough.

Favorite Song: "Our Hero."

Favorite Expression: "C. E. C."

### INEZ WILLIAMS

Appearance: Sensible.

Present Occupation: Looking after the "girl impersonator."

Ambition: To get a "Paine."

Favorite Song: "Won't You Come and Be My Beau?"

Favorite Song: "Oh, uncle!"



### LULU WORTHINGTON

Appearance: Unilluminated.  
Present Occupation: Mixing bread.  
Ambition: To knit stockings and keep cats.  
Favorite Song: "Lonesome."  
Favorite Expression: "Has it raised?"

### MARION WISE

Appearance: Wiggly.  
Present Occupation: Wearing a "Wise" look.  
Ambition: To sing in the Angel's Choir.  
Favorite Song: "Shaky Eyes."  
Favorite Expression: "That's what they tell me."

### CLARA JAGOW

Appearance: Angelic.  
Present Occupation: Pretending not to study.  
Ambition: To get married.  
Favorite Song: "Angel Eyes."  
Favorite Expression: "Never mind, kiddier."

### CLAUDE HOUSE

Appearance: Dusky.  
Present Occupation: Ragging.  
Ambition: To turkey trot.  
Favorite Song: "Everybody's Doing It."  
Favorite Expression: "She's some blonde."

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## Senior B Notes

For the first time since the last class meeting in 1910 the Class of January, '13 held a rousing meeting in room 112. Miss Kaye, the class director, gave a brief talk and advised that a temporary chairman and a secretary be appointed.

This was immediately done, and the election of officers proceeded. The elections were very close and sometimes three successive ballots were necessary to determine the officers. Those elected were:

President .....	Floyd Ellis
Vice President.....	Angie Nelson
Secretary .....	Elaine Culliton
Treasurer .....	Leslie Sanderson
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	Carl Gritman
Reporter .....	Harold Cundy
Yell Leader.....	Stanton Hall

The chairmen of the various committees were elected as follows:

Chairman of Committee on Class Constitution.....	Elizabeth Corcoran
Chairman of Committee on Class Pins.....	Herman Howe
Chairman of Committee on Entertainments.....	Bernice Hare

The meeting then adjourned with some "yelling," led by Stanton Hall.

At the next meeting cherry and gray were selected as the class colors. A constitution, modeled after that of the old class, was drawn up and accepted, the clause providing for the tenure of office in successive terms being struck out.

As it was necessary to raise funds for a Senior reception the Senior Bs immediately got busy on two different plans—a candy sale and an entertainment.

The candy sale was given at noon on April 24, under the supervision of Miss Engstrom. The students developed an unusual appetite for sweets,

*Eighty-one*

## TAMARACK.

and in about ten minutes every sack was sold. This little venture netted over \$18.

The entertainment will be given in the Auditorium on May 24. Mr. Rodell was elected business manager and immediately got out tickets and established a box office on the first floor. An excellent musical program has been worked up by both the orchestra and the chorus. Some first-class vaudeville will be given, including a mirthful little play by Floyd Ellis and company, entitled "The Course of True Love."

The class being now certain of sufficient funds, it was decided to determine the nature of the Senior reception. At the meeting of May 6 it was decided to give a picnic at Liberty Lake. Since many parents will not allow their children to dance, the School Board has wisely prohibited dancing at high school functions. But the other diversions, as swimming, rowing, strolling, etc., will guarantee all a fine time. The picnic will probably be given about the first of June.

On April 19, the Senior B's, feeling their only-too-evident mental and physical superiority, challenged the whole school to a trial of strength and wit, namely a baseball game. The Senior A's immediately accepted, and the game was played at the Garfield grounds May 6, at 3:30 o'clock.

Leslie Sanderson places the class assets at \$45.50.

In closing the Senior B notes it will be well to quote a verse from the Class Song, composed by Herman Howe:

"We of old North Central, that's the name we love to hear,

January, Thirteen, is the class we hold so dear;

In every game and contest you can hear our song and cheer,

January, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen.

Hurrah! Hurrah! In every meet and game,

Hurrah! Hurrah! We've won our name and fame,

North Central is our high school, and the class from which we came

Is January, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen."



SENIOR B BASE BALL TEAM



## Junior H Class

Maybe you read in the paper that only the Senior class was to be allowed to organize. It was to be so but it isn't. Several boys of the Junior A Class appeared at the office every day until permission was granted; and here we are, a loyal, progressive class with as large a population as any organized one in the building. Even before we got permission we elected Bob Tate yellmaster and you notice it was our Bob who led the school the first time all of us convened at Natatorium Park. At our first meeting we got a few things started. Now you see the colors, maroon and old gold, which adorned us as Freshmen, still waving defiantly over us as Juniors. And soon we're going to get the classiest class pins you ever saw. (At our next meeting we have decided to have a picnic.) By the way, I think I ought to do a little explaining here. In one of the papers it said that the Junior A's had rejected an invitation of the Junior B's to go on a picnic. At our meeting it was merely stated that there was some talk of the two classes having one together. We discussed it and decided that this would be a good time for our own class to get acquainted with one another, seeing that we had not been together for two years. Assuredly if we had thought it was an invitation—which we are not sure of yet—we would have treated it differently. But anyway, we're going to have a picnic. Now we've got a baseball team with Ronald Dye as captain, and in a few weeks the Senior B's won't look as happy as they do now. Our class officers are as follows:

President .....	Alan Paine
Vice President .....	Lee Smith
Secretary .....	Margaret Hunter
Treasurer .....	Marie Blais



## Junior B Class

On April twenty-fourth, the Junior B's held a meeting for the purpose of reorganizing and electing officers. Jack Abrams, the former President, presided over the meeting. Those elected were:

President .....	Jack Abrams
Vice-President .....	Le Roy Hunter
Secretary .....	Berta Hindley
Treasurer .....	Alvin House
Yell Master .....	Horace Masterson
Athletic Reporter .....	Merle Davies
Activity Reporter .....	Ferris Gehrke

Another meeting of the Junior B class took place in Room 319, May third, in regard to plans for the proposed picnic. The class expects to hold it at Liberty Lake about the first of June. This is the first activity of the class since the two schools were combined, and we all feel sure it will be the greatest kind of a success. The President appointed a Social Committee of three.





## Sophomore A Class

On September sixth, nineteen hundred and ten, there were many notable events that happened in the annals of the school history. By notable events I mean important characteristics that affect the school in general. To be precise, the present Sophomore A class entered the high school as "Freshies."

To say we were joyfully welcomed would be putting it rather mildly. The upper classmen enjoyed a royal reception at our expense. We entertained the girls by singing selected solos. We made public our presence by climbing the numerous surrounding telephone poles, barefoot. We ran relay races by rolling peanuts down the car tracks with our noses. We were ridiculed and laughed at and were lastly sworn under solemn oaths to be ever true and faithful to the Freshmen cause.

On that day began the youthful career of the Class of "June, 1914." (We started the ball rolling which has since been steadily increasing in strength and numbers.) We have been guided faithfully toward the highest state of manhood and womanhood.

In every department of school work, our class has shown remarkable ability and rapid advancement.

Under the careful supervision of the North Central faculty we have been fostered to a high state of perfection. Credit is due especially to Miss Fehr, who was the first medium through which we formally organized our far-famed yelling squad.

Due to various drawbacks our class has been restrained from having any form of organization. But shortly these bonds will be broken and we shall spring to the front to show for the first time, our skill and talent.

In every activity that the school as a whole has undertaken, the Class of 1914 has literally "come through with the goods." Every member of our class is alert, active and interested in everything that promotes a common welfare and helps to build up a model school. Therefore, the Class of 1914 in past, present and future necessarily has to be reckoned with.





## Alumni

At the last meeting of the Alumni, Arthur Jeffrey was elected President; Mabel Jones, Vice President; Francis McKenzie, Secretary and Treasurer; and Elizabeth Stone, Tamarack Reporter. Their next meeting will be held the twentieth of May. On the recent death of Maude Harrington, one of our Alumni, who was loved and admired by all her fellow students, the Association sent a large floral offering.

### Members of the Alumni:

Louis Seagrave is lumbering in Canada.

Arthur Jeffrey is running the Grote-Rankin Co.'s motor truck.

Frances McKenzie is the circulating cashier for the Press.

Maude Stiles has been attending Cheney Normal.

Edith McDonald is residing in Portland.

Douglas Parker is farming near Seattle.

Le Roy Traeger is employed by the Chronicle.

Francis Fuller is the traveling salesman for his father.

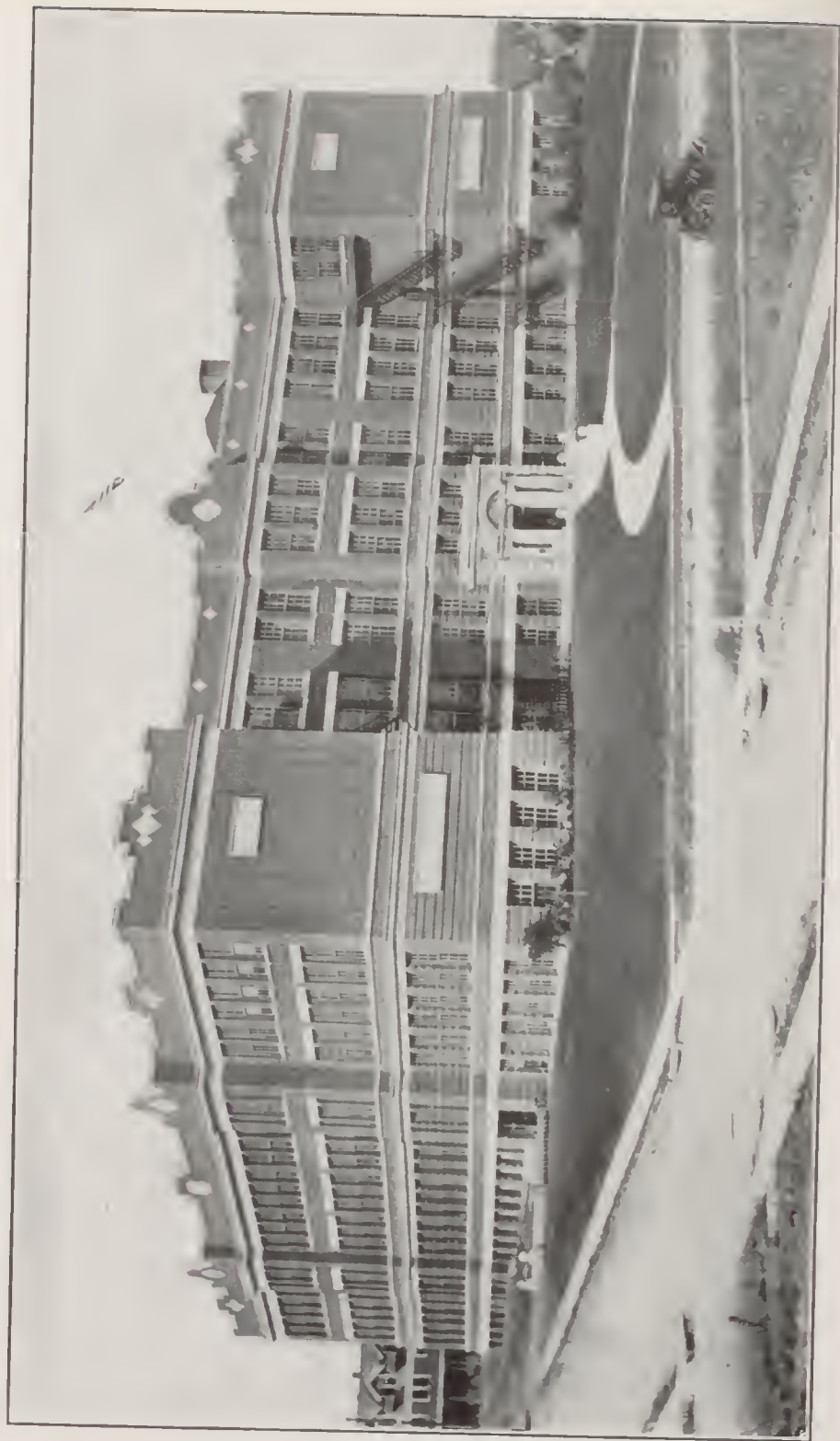
Kathleen Stout has been residing near Fairfield with her parents.

Mildred Moran, Florence Steffer, Verona Lange, Flossie Settlemeir, Elizabeth Stone, Bertha Jones, Ruth Maurer, Ester Nelson, Bernice Lucas, Mae Wallace are all engaged in housework at home.

It is needless to say that many of the Alumni are waiting until September to enter college.







NORTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL



Attention! Our school paper has been revived and is again filed in the ranks of high school journals. After a two-year retirement, due to no fault of its own, the Tamarack reappears in the arena of student enterprises, proudly bearing the red and black standard of North Central High. We offer the following explanation so that all our friends may fully understand the circumstances which made it necessary to discontinue the publication of our school paper.

During the summer of 1910 the old South Central High was destroyed by fire. The two high schools were then merged as the temporary "Spokane High School," and the North Central building was given over to all the high school pupils of the city. The principals considered it advisable to dissolve all class organizations and the distinct school societies, in order to avoid any demonstration of factionalism. Thus, the Tamarack was forced to suspend operations. Athletics, oratory, and debating lived under the consolidated schools without the existence of a debating society or an athletic association. Our representatives won so prominent a position that the "Spokane High School" will always be remembered. The two classes which were graduated from the union school were allowed to organize for graduation, and each one published a Senior paper.

But now our elegant sister school has been completed and our visitors have left us. No one can say that our practical acquaintance was not valuable to all concerned. At last, we are called upon to resume our duties as students of the North Central High School; as such we should remember that North Central has an enviable reputation—it must be defended!



On the night of June thirteenth, the second chapter in that great book, "North Central Graduates," will have been completed. The last words will be written as the Seniors receive their diplomas. On that night the members of the second graduating class will become alumni, and either pass on to higher educational institutions or enter the actual activities of life. Even those graduates who intend to go to a college or university are forced to assay the ore of Life more carefully and seriously than ever before. The innocent pleasures of childhood, like the lesser flowers of springtime, have vanished; the opening gates of Life afford an uncertain prospectus of that which lies beyond, even as the Junetime rosebuds, gradually unlocking, reveal the beauty hidden in the honeyed chalice.

The long, rough way that meets the graduate's vision is oftentimes highly discouraging, and he begins the journey with a sigh or a sneer. He who manifests grief at the start never lasts long enough to enjoy the real pleasures of the race, and ludicrous scorn is reflected upon those who sneer at Nature's mirror. The man who steps out upon the course with the right kind of an education finds extreme enjoyment in whatever he is doing. If he is truly educated he is thoroughly alive to the world about him, and the grandeur of surpassing others irresistibly tempts him onward. He fully understands that education serves a man as oil contributes to the producing results of a machine—an engine might run a short time without oil, but a lubricant always increases its efficiency.

Our educational institutions are striving to turn out young men and women who can get the most out of life. We are taught both cultural and vocational subjects, thus toning the monotonous grind of preparing for a profession by introducing subjects which advance the moral refinement and polish an otherwise tarnished intellect. It is the cultural element in our schooling that has much to do with developing personality. The ability to be impressive and to be a leader of men is a much coveted accomplishment. A man attains this through his personality linked with the basic knowledge of the subject at hand.

Our schooling is strictly a business proposition. Many of our national business firms have striven a *hundred years* to place before the public a trade-mark, the requirements of which they were capable of meeting. At the end of *four years* the high school student is given a trade-mark—his diploma. But the diploma, neatly tied as it is with brilliant ribbon, is no indication



that the student has attained the highest plane of knowledge; "to educate," fundamentally, means "to lead forth," and it makes no difference how far we go there is always ample room for advancement—always unoccupied space ahead. A diploma merely asserts, in the capacity of a trade-mark, that the graduate possesses a complete course in mental discipline; he must apply this assumed means to gain his desired ends.

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The present Senior Class is the second one to be graduated under the judicious direction of Mr. Sawtelle. His efforts have been directed toward turning out a class worthy of a high position, and whose members will meet the world face to face with enough wisdom and pluck to cope with the daily vicissitudes. His valuable advice is an excellent asset to a graduate and there are none who do not appreciate this fact.

Who can ever forget that famous "Sunny Jim" smile that even crops out to punctuate his well-meant reprimands? Long after we have forgotten many of the English authors' dates we will of necessity remember the man who tried so hard to impress them on the "gray matter." The consciousness of his interest in us is the last tie we must sever in leaving high school.

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The North Central building is undoubtedly one of the largest and most thoroughly equipped high schools in the West. Now, since it is a complete four-year school and relying entirely on its own responsibility, it might be well to recount its resources for producing students who can endure the rigid requirements of business and professional life.

The school library, from which such a fund of knowledge can be drawn, is mentioned among the best in the Northwest. Very few high school libraries are so systematically arranged and conducted, and many have not a trained librarian in charge. All the laboratories are fully sufficient in every way and contain the latest apparatus. After the auditorium stage has been remodeled and new scenery installed, we will have an impressive and adequate convocation hall. We may well be proud of our gymnasium, for the North Central comes second to none in this respect. The local "gym" is

## TAMARACK.

conceded to stand with those at the top of the list. It is especially large, with a complete equipment of apparatus, and designed entirely to put a strong body at the command of a strong mind. All these things, under the supervision of half a hundred specially trained instructors,—the best in the land,—places the North Central High in the estimation of colleges and universities.

It is to be hoped that, along the reorganization of classes, the societies will be organized again. The Literary Clubs, Debating Society, Glee Club, German Society, and others are always looked upon as being almost incorporated with the curriculum. And, indeed, the social side of school is educational, in its way, as well as enjoyable.

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The organization of a high school alumni association aroused a great deal of public attention recently. There was much friction, due in most part to general misunderstandings. At present we have alumni of the old Spokane High School, the South Central, the Lewis and Clark, and the North Central. The first three names have been applied to the South Side school at different periods.

Many titles were suggested for the association and "Spokane High School Alumni" was chosen after a prolonged and somewhat heated debate. An invitation to join was extended to all the alumni of the North Central. These immediately met, and, after due deliberation, decided to form an independent association to be known as "North Central Alumni." This action resulted from a misconception of the workings of the larger association. The North Central Alumni, numbering but twenty-two, would have had little power in the councils, considering that over two thousand members are alumni of the Spokane High School, the South Central, and the Lewis and Clark. It seems at present, however, that under the "Spokane Alumni Association" the North Central division is to have one vote and the Lewis and Clark, one vote. This would leave the balance of power in the hands of those who were graduated from the old Spokane High School. They are necessarily neutral to the two schools at present.

At the next meeting of the North Central Alumni, on May twentieth, the invitation is to be reconsidered. It will undoubtedly prove beneficial to the larger association as well as to themselves if they see fit to become "Spokane Alumni."



## TAMARACK.

On Friday evening, June fourteenth, the night after the graduation exercises, the North Central Alumni will meet with the graduates. Seniors, keep this date open!

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This is the only issue of the Tamarack to be edited by the present staff. Needless to say, it has required much work and midnight oil, but the time we have spent has been fully enjoyed. We have put forth our best efforts to make this Tamarack the acme of perfection—it is the crystallization of the best that we can offer. In leaving, our last editorial wish is that the paper may prosper and advance in the hands of the next staff. As graduates, we hope that North Central High will always be an applicable synonym for honor, glory, and progression.

May the "Crimson and Black" never be humbled!





## In Memoriam

**T**HE sad and unexpected news of the death of Maude Herrington, on April 20, caused great sorrow among her school friends. Miss Herrington was one of our first alumni and had attended the North Central four years. She came from the Garfield grade school and enrolled in the classical course. She performed all her duties in a very painstaking and capable manner—a good student and one of whom any school might well be proud. As a member of the first class to be graduated from the North Central, Miss Herrington employed her earnest efforts in perpetuating the fame and spirit of January Nineteen Twelve.

In behalf of the entire school, The Tamarack extends the deepest heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family.



# CURRENT EVENTS

FEBRUARY 20, 1912.

A rare treat to those interested in modern scientific discoveries and inventions was given at the North Central auditorium by Professor William Patty, one of the leading lecturers on science in the United States. Professor Patty elucidated the mysteries and wonders of the wireless telegraph, radium, and liquid air in his interesting and instructive way, illustrating his statements with experiment after experiment. This lecture was an opportunity which one could scarcely afford to miss, and it is safe to say that not one of the large audience which listened to Professor Patty but went away satisfied that his time had been well spent. There was not one who did not have a clearer understanding and a keener interest in the subject than before.

FEBRUARY 21, 1912.

In the oratorical contest held under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution, the six orations chosen to be delivered were "The Declaration of Independence," by Miss Olive Turner; "The Patience of Washington," by Floyd Ellis; "Taxation Without Representation," by Marion Wise; "Valley Forge," by Alvin Dyer; "Samuel Adams, the Popular Leader," by Miss Myrtle Levy; and "Burgoyne's Surrender," by Emmet Shaw. On February the twenty-first these orations were delivered in assembly during the second and third periods.

The President of the local chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, Mr. J. Melvin Thomas, presided and opened the exercises with a few introductory remarks as to the nature and purpose of the contest. The judges on thought and composition were D. B. Heil, Rev. John S. Dietrich, and

*Ninety-five*

## TAMARACK

M. M. Bedall, and on delivery, F. M. March, John King, and Dr. George T. Doolittle.

The contest was close and well fought and each contestant received hearty applause from all parts of the house. While awaiting the decisions the audience was favored by some selections by the High School Orchestra.

Miss Turner was awarded the first prize of thirty dollars; Floyd Ellis the second prize of twenty dollars; and the third prize of ten dollars was captured by Emmet Shaw. The North Centrals enjoyed the distinction of winning first and second place.

### FEBRUARY 23, 1912.

The preliminaries in the series of interclass debates were held in assembly on February the twenty-third, the debate between the Juniors and Seniors being given before the upper classmen, and that between the Sophomores and Freshmen before the afternoon students. The first was on the question, "Resolved, That all judges in the United States should be subject to recall," and the latter, "Resolved, That all taxes should be abolished except those on land."

Walter Goar and Clarence Veasey, Jr., representing the Seniors, upheld the recall of judges, Walter Goar giving the rebuttal; and Herbert Sheier and Alvin Dyer argued the negative of the question. Herbert Sheier gave the refutation for his side. The debate was close and many interesting situations were encountered, the Juniors winning by a decision of 2 to 1. A. M. Ostness, T. O. Ramsey, and W. W. Jones were the judges.

In the afternoon the Freshmen, debating the affirmative of the Single Tax question, defeated the Sophomores, also by a 2 to 1 decision. The victorious team was composed of Mont Downing and Robert O'Brien, the rebuttal being handled by O'Brien; while the Sophomores were represented by Raymond Metz and Aden Keele, Metz being the leader of the team. The judges were S. L. Peterson, R. S. Sanborn, and E. J. Prickett. Debate Coach B. F. Westmore presided at both debates.

At the close of the afternoon session the school was favored by an address by William George on "The Junior Republic." Mr. George is undoubtedly the foremost student of child psychology in the United States, having made many practical experiments in this field, and his lecture was not only interesting but instructive to the faculty as well as to the students.



MARCH 4, 1912.

When William Jennings Bryan entered the auditorium he was greeted with a chorus of cheers from all parts of the house and the audience rose to its feet as if prompted by one will to greet the appearance of the "greatest private citizen of the United States." Mr. C. C. Dill then introduced the speaker and when Mr. Bryan arose he was cheered again and again by every class in the school. "Now that you have interpreted the welcome into your various languages, I will proceed," he said, as soon as he was able to speak. But all this is a matter of history. None of us who heard Mr. Bryan will ever forget the occasion. He dwelt upon the value of public speaking and of education in general and held the undivided attention of his hearers for over an hour. Mr. Bryan certainly lived up to his reputation as an orator. He speaks in a clear, earnest manner, using apt illustrations and conversational language—the very points he emphasized as the requisites of good speaking—and whatever we may think of him with his political connections we cannot do otherwise than admire him as an orator and as a man.

MARCH 29, 1912.

The final debate, scheduled for this evening, which was to decide the championship of the school, had to be called off because it was found that preparations were being made for a big rush.

APRIL 8, 1912.

This is the red letter day in the annals of our High School. This is the date upon which the history of the North Central High School re-commences. From now on, with a full four years' course for the first time, and with the support of a large and loyal student body, the North Central High School of Spokane must be considered as a competitor not to be despised for the honors in athletics, oratory, and debate. Here's to the North Central High School, our Alma Mater!

APRIL 12, 1912.

The first convocation of the students of the North Central High School

*Ninety-seven*

## TAMARACK

was held in the auditorium. Mr. Hargreaves opened the exercises with a few preliminary remarks and then called upon Alan Paine to present the case for "The Co-ed" which was to be given that evening. He appealed to the students to support the play as the first presentation of the North Central High School, giving a list of some of those prominent in the school who were to take part. He also explained the nature of the Masque,—the official literary society of the North Central.

Paul Neill was then called upon to speak for the Tamarack. He made an appeal to the students to support the paper by literary contributions, predicting that the issue this year would be the best issue of a high school paper ever published in the United States. Both speakers were enthusiastically applauded.

APRIL 18, 1912.

The second convocation of the North Central students was called for a two-fold purpose: to arouse an interest in athletics and to learn the school song, the "Red and Black." Merle Davies, the captain of the track team, was called upon to speak on the phase of athletics. He appealed to the students to turn out for track. Jerry Despain was called to the platform and made a few modest remarks about the baseball team of which he had been chosen captain. His speech was greeted with tumultuous applause. Mr.



ALAN PAINE



ROBERT O'BRIEN



Moyer then closed that part of the program with a few remarks about athletics in general. The assembled students then, in sections and in chorus, made the school ring with the strains of the "Red and Black." The faculty wisely declined to sing.

The Freshman team, headed by Robert O'Brien of the North Central, won the interclass debate championship of the Spokane High School by defeating the Juniors on the question, "Resolved, That Spokane should have a municipal university." The debate was held in assembly before the Lewis and Clark students. The Freshman team was coached by Alan Paine, a prominent factor in debating circles, having represented the North Central against the Hillyard and South Central High Schools, and being one of the two who represented the Spokane High School in the interstate league last year. He is President of the Masque Literary Society and also of the Junior A class organization. O'Brien was a member of the Freshman team in the interclass debates last year and is also a prominent member of the Masque.

#### APRIL 26, 1912.

Assembly was called during the last fifteen minutes of the session to prepare for the baseball game between the North Central and Lewis and Clark High Schools. Tom Allen, the school yell leader, was called to the platform to lead the cheering. Then, led by Mr. Lienau, the assembled students joined in the school song, the "Red and Black."

#### APRIL 29, 1912.

Owing to the fact that the stage of the auditorium is now under reconstruction, the entire student body did not have the opportunity of hearing the addresses by Professor Seers and Professor Thompson of the Washington States College. However, the Senior A and B classes were assembled in Room 218 at the third period for that purpose. Professor Seers is head of the Department of English in the college and Professor Thompson of the Civil Engineering Department. Both addresses were of vital interest, especially to those intending to go to college, and both were well received by the students. Professor Thompson outlined some of the conditions that exist in the colleges, especially those of Washington, and pointed out that



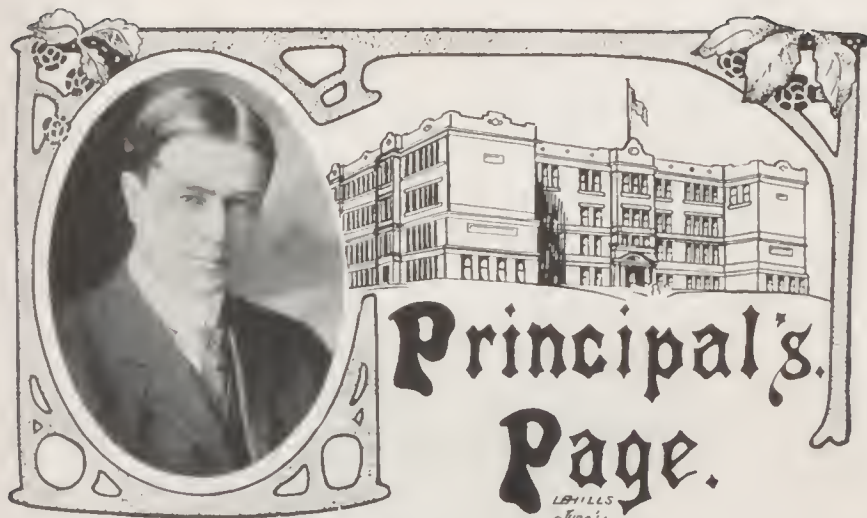


as a rule a college education is a requisite of success in life. He generously offered to meet any of the students who desired information about the colleges at any time during the day. Professor Seers made an interesting address about the character and the value of college education. Mr. Sawtelle was also called upon and ably reinforced the positions taken by the other speakers.

APRIL 6, 1912.

Mr. Hargreaves called a meeting of all the boys of the Senior class in Room 102 to discuss the matter of college education. His remarks applied especially to those who would have to work their way. He pointed out that the lack of funds was only a secondary matter to be considered in the question of whether or not one was going to college, and that any person not having someone dependent on him, and who was physically capable, could secure such an education for himself. The first year in college is probably the hardest to get through with, said Mr. Hargreaves, but after that it is comparatively easy. He enumerated some of the ways in which the boys work their way through college, and gave some valuable hints as to the way things are conducted there and how various circumstances should be met. There are many points in Mr. Hargreaves' address which the students who heard him will doubtless store away as gems to be remembered, and which will be of great aid to them in their college career.





With the opening of school next September a systematic course in physical training and hygienics will be instituted and required of all ninth-grade pupils, both boys and girls. In the past we have devoted much time and attention to the physical development of the strong, who were preparing to participate in competitive athletics, and comparatively little of either to the physical welfare of those whose size, strength and health did not qualify them to compete in interscholastic sports. No larger field of service to the community and the future citizen is open to the public high school today than this opportunity to teach our boys and girls the simpler principles of hygienics and sanitation, and to cultivate within them the aspiration for physical uprightness. The aim of this course is, with the aid of the gymnasium and athletic field, to develop not muscular strength but vigorous healthy bodies and train our boys and girls in the art of living. Youth has a physical conscience, and it is a duty upon the public high schools to arouse and develop this conscience in the pupil. "Vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever."

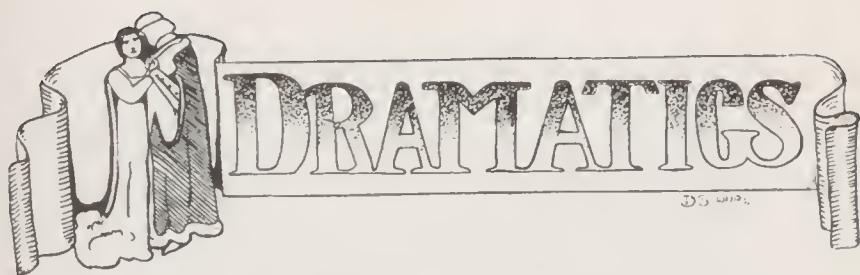
On April 23 the members of the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools and the principals of the high schools held a conference with a committee from the Chamber of Commerce to discuss the advisability of introducing the subject of agriculture into the schools of this city. As a result of the conference it has been decided to try the experiment of offering in the high schools an elective course in general agriculture. This course will be introduced next September and will require a year's work for its completion.

*One Hundred One*





MISS FLOSSIE ABERNETHY



## "The Co-ed"

The Masque, in its presentation of "The Co-ed" at the North Central auditorium on April 12, certainly made a big hit with everybody. And the crowd that witnessed the production showed how loyally and enthusiastically the students of the North Central turn out to support every school activity. The play was a big success in every sense of the word.

The "Red and Black," sung by the members of the Masque as a curtain-raiser, started the fireworks and won the audience at the start. And then the rapid development of the plot of "The Co-ed" with its humorous situations from the beginning to the end, brought forth round after round of applause from the crowded house. Who among those present could help bursting into a roar of laughter at the comical way in which Mary Caughey took the part of Violet, or in which Vincent White impersonated and was mistaken for a girl? Who could refrain from applause at the way the Seniors "rough-housed" the Juniors for sitting on the "Senior fence" in the first act, and at the skillful manner in which the Juniors, led by Vincent White, turned the tables on them by starting a co-education scare? Who did not tremble with excitement when Inis Williams as Janet Hale was mistaken for the co-ed and saved from the humiliation of being ridden on a rail only by the timely interference of her uncle, Mr. Highfield? And what hypocrite was not touched to the soul by the heart-rending love scene between Edward Moore and Janet Hale? Or by the fiery "soap-box" orations of "Demosthenes" Merwyn?

But unfortunately only a few of the many striking situations in the play can be mentioned here. Suffice it is to say that every member of the cast did more than justice to his part. Margaret Hunter and Gracia Nicholas, as the inseparable "Bonehead twins," won their share in the applause by the clever manner in which they handled their parts. Mary Caughey as Violet developed the character assigned to her in such a way as to wring cheers from the audience time and time again, and Inis Williams,

## TAMARACK

as the pretty niece of Mr. Highfield, was one of the stars of the play. No one who was not a witness of the production can form any adequate conception of the acting of Vincent White, who took the leading part as Edward Moore. By his remarkable impersonation of a girl in the second act he kept the audience in an uproar, and in the third act, by the way he handled his love affairs, he showed again the exceptional ability of an actor. Floyd Ellis, Alan Paine, and Herman Howe as the Seniors, "Demosthenes" Merwyn, "Silk" Ricketts, and "Willie" Rockwell; and the Juniors, Tom Allen and Marion Wise as "Jimmie" Monroe and "Shorty" Smith, respectively, all handled their parts splendidly; and Marion Wise added materially to the success of the evening by rendering two pleasing vocal solos during the course of the play. Paul Neill took the part of the aristocratic Mr. Highfield like a veteran, and Bob Owen as the old, near-sighted President Fowler, was a real sensation. And one of the most appreciated parts of the whole performance was the exhibition of tumbling by Emery Horton and Ernest Creuger in the first act.

Another feature of the evening's entertainment was the introduction of the two drills, "The Weaver Maids" and "The Strollers." In the first, eight pretty girls, dressed in quaint peasant costumes of red and black, won the hearts of the whole audience. The second was a pantomime of ten couples who strolled about singing "I Was Seeing Nellie Home," and, with the stage lighted only by the Japanese lanterns carried by the boys, the effect was singularly striking. In every way the play was a marvelous success, due largely to the patient efforts of Miss Flossie Abernethy and to the loyal support of the students.

## "North Central Pot Pourri"

On the evening of May 24, the Senior B's will give a breezy little entertainment entitled "North Central Pot Pourri." True to its name it will be a delightful blend of the best high school talent. Both the orchestra and the chorus will furnish excellent music and many vaudeville "stunts" are to be given.

The "curtain-raiser" will be a shivering, mysterious rendering of that "Mysterious Rag" by a spectral chorus and a sprightly, clacking skeleton. The audience will then be treated to music of all kinds, including all the

*One Hundred Four*

MEMBERS OF CLASS P-Y



HARLAND MYERS

CLAUDINE BROWN

EDGAR MEYERS

PAUL HILL

CHRISTOPHER

LELA HILLS

WILLIAM DUBOIS

OLIVER KNOX

ROBERT

## TAMARACK.

latest popular airs. Following this musical extravaganza will come a delightful little skit, "The Course of True Love." It portrays the heart-rending misfortunes of a bashful young lover, Robt. Yardley, who fears he will bungle his proposal at the crucial moment. To overcome this difficulty he determines to practice his proposal in the living room. He retires thence and on bended knee pours out his heart. So far, so good; but Jennie, the maid was behind a curtain in the same room. Now to you or me Jennie would have been easily seen, but remember the young man was blinded by the grand passion. As he proceeds he gathers confidence and accomplishes an irresistible plea. Here the maid, unable to withstand his burning eloquence, bursts forth and falls on the neck of our hero! Enter the fair heroine, "Dolly Andrews" and "true love's" complications ensue. Added to this entanglement is Jack Barlowe who, taking unfair advantage of the situation, nearly persuades the sweet Dorothy to be his. Here Cupid takes pity on the estranged sweethearts and all the snarls of love are smoothed out by this adroit little god. Jennie, the maid, is palmed off on one Hisks, her humble lover, and "The Course of True Love" runs to a happy ending.

Floyd Ellis will assume the role of Robert Yardsley. This part calls for a number of marriage proposals at which Mr. Ellis is quite efficient. Many of his lady friends declare, amidst blushes, that he is no longer nervous and that his incoherent babbings are easily translated into the old time-faded and moth-eaten story.

Miss Bernice Hare plays prettily the part of the fair heroine, "Dolly" Andrews, and is admirably supported by the rest of the cast; Miss Gertrude Upton as Jennie, the maid, and Mr. Leslie Sanderson as Jack Barlowe, the unsuccessful suitor, popularly known as the "villain."

Principal Hargreaves assures us that the stage will be remodeled by the twenty-fourth of May and with his usual enthusiasm for North Central interests is doing his best to make the entertainment a rousing success.





## "A Strenuous Life"

Can you afford to miss the greatest hit of the season? Of course not! Well then, you must see the class play which will be presented on June the seventh. The name fits the play in more ways than one. It is strenuous for the players, audience, and the coach, who is working hard at the "stage-business" end. The author is Richard Walton Tully, who carries the distinction of writing such successes as "Cupid, Cowpuncher," and "The Firing Line." He was co-author of the "Rose of the Rancho," a big hit which is still drawing good houses in theatricals.

The scene is laid in Berkeley, California, and the three acts are crammed with college comedy. The first two scenes occur in the front parlor of Mrs. Wiggins' boarding house, and the last is a beautiful Oriental garden with a view of the University of California in the background.

John Truesdell appears as Tom Harrington. The role is that of a football hero who gets himself into serious trouble by reason of his unintentional habit of stretching his imagination. His unlimited propensity to falsify, or rather equivocate, forms the nucleus of the plot.

Mabel Carlson is seen at her best as Marian Davenant. Her ability fills all the requirements of a difficult part, which includes the rendition of a vocal, as well as a piano, solo.

Reginald Black, Tom's room-mate and chum, who steadfastly stays by his friend in all the scrapes, is personated by Marion Wise. His laugh is so infectious that a wooden Indian would have to "double up" if he heard it. Ruth Thornton, his sweetheart and Mrs. Wiggins' niece, is played by Edith Orr.

The juvenile roles fall to two capable youngsters, Florence Dickson and Wayne Durham, who carry the stage names of Dulcie Harrington and James Roberts, respectively. All who intend to enter college at a future date will find much interest (and education) in the part of the green Freshman, "James Wobberts."

The gruff and perceptible old miner, Dan Davenant, is acted by Eugene Hitt. He will certainly make a hit when he proposes to the "Widdy" Wiggins, the boarding-house lady, who is duplicated by Marian Southwood. Her shrill call for "Nugata," essayed by Leon Hills, will ring in your ears for months.

## TAMARACK

Byron Harrington, Dulcie's and Tom's father, is played by Paul Neill. He pitches Professor James, Chris Rohrer, out of the conservatory window, much to the discomfiture of the Professor and the exultation of the self-important and proud father.

Harland Martin has a role as the Irish gymnasium director, Magee, Widow McGuire, Dawley, and the two Freshmen are taken by Claudine Brown, Edgar Myers, Claude House, and Forest Gaillac.

Miss Abernethy is fully capable of developing all the comedy in the lines, and no fear need be felt for the coaching of the play. She perfects all the half-hidden humor that an ordinary director might overlook.

The stage has been remodeled and is now one of the best of its kind in the Northwest.

Remember the class play! Its success depends primarily on you. The actors will represent the Senior A Class, but the audience will be principally "North Central High!" If that does not appeal to your ticket-purchasing desire we will have to solicit you in person.



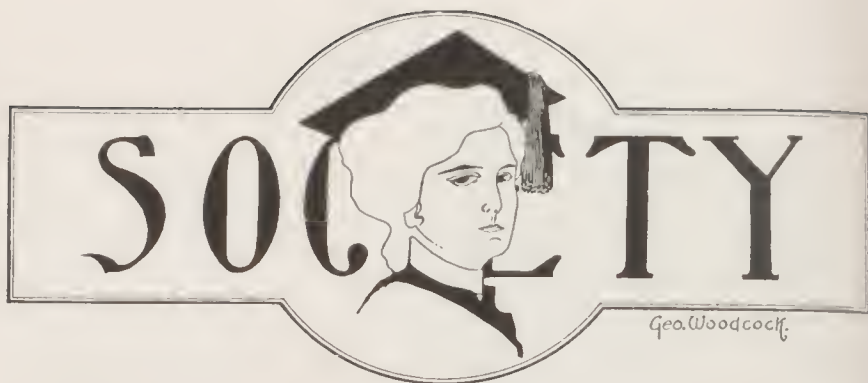




MABEL CARLSON



JOHN TRUESDELL



## Senior Banquet

On the night of June seventh, the gymnasium will be a scene of lively action. Jollity, goodfellowship, and wholesome food will be blended in such a manner that the evening's festivities must be long remembered by those who participate. The Senior A Banquet is an innovation in class affairs and it will undoubtedly prove a complete success.

Those on the committee are Marian Southwood, Neva Bucher, Walter Doust, and Paul Neill. What can prevent us from having a jolly, good time with such a congenial quartet to plan and carry out the affair?

The gymnasium will be decorated with the school colors as well as the class colors. Palms and flowers will be attractively banked in all parts of the room, providing secluded nooks here and there. The committee refuses to disclose the table decorations, so we may expect something unusual and unique in this respect.

Vincent White, President of the Class, will preside as toast-master, and he will call for healths from Principal R. J. Hargreaves; the Class Director. Mr. L. W. Sawtelle; Athletic Coach, "Our Sammy" Moyer; Vice President Olive Turner; the Class Booster, Marion Wise; and the Tamarack Editor, Paul Neill.

An elaborate and interesting program has been prepared for the latter part of the evening. Readings will be given by Miss Abernethy, Dramatic Coach, Mabel Carlson, Mary Caughey, and Marian Wise. Vocal solos will be rendered by Florence Dickson and Helen Gifford.



## Senior Alumni Party

Miss Helen Goetz will entertain the members of the June '12 class at her home, 2420 Gardner Avenue, some time during the later part of May. The affair will be in the nature of a lawn party.

Miss Goetz promises many enjoyable events. Her home will be artistically decorated with lavender and purple, the class colors. A profusion of sweet peas, the class flowers, will find an important place in the floral decorations. A touch of the Orient will be found in Japanese lanterns which will be strung about the lawn. The hostess has added an opportunity for romance in the form of "Romeo and Juliet" balconies which are now being constructed under her personal direction. In case these do not offer inducements to all, luncheon will be served as a grand finale to the pleasures of the evening. All the Seniors are looking forward to this event as one of the most enjoyable of the year.

## Senior Reception

This year the Senior B's will be at home to the Senior A's at Liberty Lake some time during the last week of school. The function will be carried on as a picnic without the usual dance. The two classes have planned a short baseball game and many matches have been made for tennis games. Boating will be open to those who are not athletically inclined.

The Senior B class has been working hard on the arrangement of the affair and promises to have a record-breaking program. The graduates should feel highly honored as guests of such an illustrious and industrious class.



## The Masque

The North Central Literary-Dramatic Society has sprung from its chrysalis of obscurity at last. Since the production of the pleasing "Co-ed" it has no longer been necessary to force upon disinterested or dubious hearers the fact that the Masque has been, is, and ever will be, alive, and "doing things;" but for the sake of those pitifully and helplessly behind the times the Masque presents its case.

The present society is the growth of the organization founded nearly two years ago which was known as the North Central Literary Society. Early in the fall semester of the present year the society revised its constitution, made dramatics the feature of its work, and adopted its present name. Mr. L. W. Sawtelle, well known as North Central Debating Coach, has acted as director since the club was organized, and its great success has been due largely to his management.

The purpose of the Masque is to discover, encourage, and offer an opportunity for the cultivation of literary, dramatic, and forensic talent. How well it has accomplished its purpose can be affirmed by those who have been so fortunate as to see the work. The members have contributed stories, poems, vaudeville sketches, songs, and dramas to the Masque; the Masque, in turn, has unselfishly presented the school with the three upper-class Presidents—not to mention Secretaries, Vice Presidents and Treasurers—and three Senior Orators, as Editor in Chief and Associate Editor of the Tamarack. An enviable record. Yet, to the Masque, such things are mere trivial expressions of the talent and ability it can muster.

During the present semester the Masque has enjoyed many excellent programs. The regular meetings have been held the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at the homes of the members. Music, vaudeville, poem, song, and story furnish a variety of entertainment which never fails to please. The feature events have been an elaborate Christmas Party at the home of Miss Ruth Fisk, a joint meeting with the Lewis and Clark Society, the Quills, who were hosts to the Masque at the home of Raymond Metz, and the "Co-ed," on which no remarks are necessary.

The custom set by the Masque last year of giving an out-door play met with such approval and popularity that it will be repeated this year before

*One Hundred Twelve*

# TAMARACK.

the close of school. These out-of-door plays, suited in character and scene to some of the beautifully picturesque spots around Spokane, are a real pleasure. The Masque invites all lovers of Nature and rustic drama to attend the play.

The Masque has, of late, adopted a very attractive pin in the form of a mask, and the society colors are lavender and white.

The present officers of the Masque are:

President .....	Alan Paine
Vice President .....	Floyd Ellis
Secretary .....	Inez Williams
Corresponding Secretary .....	R. White
Treasurer .....	Robert Owen
Reporter .....	V. White
Director ..	L. W. Sawtelle



# Athletics



Hyperbola, paraboloid,  
Tangent to a helicoid,  
Round elipsoid,  
Tan, co-tan,  
Central High  
Of North Spokane.

For the first time in its history as an individual school, the North Central has a full four-year course. Three years ago, when its early career was terminated to unite it with the homeless South Central under the temporary "Spokane High School," it had entered the field of interscholastic athletics with only the Freshman and Sophomore classes from which to draw. Handicapped in this way, it nevertheless competed successfully with many of the smaller four-year high schools. But, unsatisfied with this, it contended in every line of athletic endeavor, except track, with its nearest rival, South Central. That school was then considered one of the strongest in the state. As was to be expected under these conditions, defeat was the North Central's portion, except in one instance. The picture of the little two-year-old high school, with but a handful of students, meeting and gamely fighting its older, stronger and much more experienced rival, is highly encouraging. We are as proud of those defeats as we will be of the most glorious victories the future can bring us.

*One Hundred Fourteen*





As before stated, the North Central is a full-fledged high school. It started its athletic career by a decisive victory over its former conquerors, the South Siders, winning the first baseball game of the series to be played with them. The score was significant—13 to 4. The prospects are bright not only for a continuance of this success in baseball, but a duplicate of it in track athletics and football. That this may be possible let every boy worthy of the name come out and fight for the honor of representing the school which battled so gamely when only half grown!

### COACH MOYER

Our present success in athletics is due to one thing more than any other. "By Gum" Moyer, who came to us from Aberdeen on one of our lucky days, with the record of the undefeated Aberdeen football team of 1910 behind him, is the moving spirit. He has awakened the student interest and support of our athletic teams and is making everyone feel his own enthusiasm for athletic work. His optimism and belief in "his" team, whether it is football, track, or baseball, fills the men under him with a confident courage and a desire to do their actual *best*. His peerless coaching has made his teams notable for their success.

His optimism is not the variety that says, "Well, we'll win all right," and then sits down and dreams about the glorious victory. It is the kind that says, "We ought to win, and we will win, by gum!" and then arouses a fellow and makes him do everything in his power to insure victory. An untiring worker himself, he expects work from his men—the loafers soon overcome their habit or get out of the squad. And it usually happens that the loafer gets to work, for Moyer's enthusiasm for all games is contagious.

In any school, no matter who the coach may be, there are apt, now and then, to be accusations of unfairness or partiality by the disappointed ones. Mr. Moyer is absolutely free from this bugaboo of the athletic coach. He picks his team on ability alone, and the men under him soon realize that there is only one way to make good, and that is to go out and *show* what they can do. In his comparatively short time with us Mr. Moyer has won a host of friends, not only here, but also in the Lewis and Clark student body, and the Tamarack takes this opportunity to voice a sentiment which is unanimous with the North Central student body: May the star of "By Gum" Moyer's enthusiasm never set, and may his success never cease!

*One Hundred Fifteen*





COACH "SAMMY" MOYER



## THE INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

Tuesday, April 13, an interclass track meet was held at Natatorium Park, giving those interested a chance to get a line on track prospects for North Central's first track team. It looked like rain, but it was a case of weather against "By Gum" Moyer, who had decided to hold the meet, rain or shine. The weather lost out, for it cleared up about 3 o'clock. The events were run off promptly and handled to everybody's satisfaction by Coach Moyer, Van Cook of Lewis and Clark, Bruce Bartholomew, Mr. Endslow, Mr. Hemp and their assistants. No time record was kept in the various events, as the meet was more for the development of prospective material than for the establishment of records. The work of Hall was the most noticeable feature. He gained individual honors with 23 points, nine more than his nearest competitor, Matters. Hall entered the High School from Edwall, and has been a decided addition to the athletics here. The pole vault of 9 feet 10 inches, made by Cyril Smith of the Sophomores, is also worthy of special mention. This height has been reached only now and then in the history of this event in Spokane High School athletics.

The meet was won by the Seniors. They secured 52 points, the Sophomores 34, the Juniors 22, and the Freshmen 5.

Personnel of the teams and points won:

### SENIORS

Hall .....	23
Owen (Captain) .....	10
Truesdale .....	7
Durham .....	7
Martin .....	3
Torrence .....	2
Total.....	52

### JUNIORS

Davies (Captain).....	11
Abrams .....	9
Johnson .....	1
Taylor .....	1
Total.....	22

### SOPHOMORES

Matters .....	14
Despain .....	6
Cyril Smith (Captain).....	5
Glaze .....	4
Relay Team .....	5
Total.....	34

### FRESHMEN

Nelson .....	3
McAlpine (Captain) .....	1
Sanborn .....	1
Total.....	5

*One Hundred Seventeen*



## RESULTS BY EVENTS

50-yard dash—Hall and Matters tied for first; Durham, third.  
880-yard run—Owen first, Davies second, Torrence third.  
100-yard dash—Matters first, Hall second, Johnson third.  
Broad jump—Durham first, Hall second, Glaze third.  
Pole vault—Smith first, Martin second, Taylor third.  
440-yard dash—Owen first, Davies second, Torrence third.  
Javelin throw—Despain first, Abrams second, Durham third.  
High jump—Hall first, Glaze second, Truesdale third.  
Mile run—Davies first, Nelson second, Sanborn third.  
Discus throw—Hall first, Abrams second, Truesdale third.  
Shot-put—Truesdale first, Abrams second, Despain third.  
Relay—Sophomore (Matters, Brawley, Cyril Smith and Meehan).

## THE "PRESS" CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

Another achievement of North Central talent was the splendid work of Captain Merle Davies in the recent five-mile cross-country run held by the "Spokane Press." Since the event was not interscholastic, but open to any amateur, the winning of second place and the silver cup is a real honor for the high school. Davies finished ahead of Y. M. C. A., Gonzaga College and Lewis and Clark men.

## Baseball

Ever since the Easter vacation Coach Moyer has had a willing and husky bunch of future big league stars working out every day at Natatorium Park. The material at hand was especially good, and Moyer already has a bunch of ball tossers working together in a way that makes opponents realize that they are in a real baseball game. Since the departure of Floyd Greider, captain-elect of the team, Jerry Despain has been chosen to captain the squad. Jerry is serving up as good an article of baseball as any high school or interscholastic pitcher in local regions.

The receiving end of the battery is being fought out between Gritman and McKinney. Robinson will probably secure the initial bag as a permanent home. Torrence and Jerard look like fixtures at second and third,

*One Hundred Eighteen*



as does Abrams at short. Claude Smith, Meehan and E. Smith are taking care of the gardens at present, but they will have to play ball to stay there, for Moyer has enough men working out to keep them busy.

### LEWIS AND CLARK GAME

The first baseball game of the five-game series with Lewis and Clark High for interscholastic championship of Spokane was played Saturday, April 27. Although it was a fine day, only a fair crowd witnessed the contest. The Lewis and Clark rooters were considerably outnumbered.

The game was exciting in the highest degree, but not replete with the best baseball, as the one-sided score indicates. The North Central boys located the nasal features of the ball early in the game, getting twelve hits in all off Permain and Edwards. After it seemed evident the North Siders would win the Lewis and Clark boys enthusiastically helped them pile up the score. After the smoke cleared away a large numeral 10 stood in their error column as a testimony of their willing help. Jerry Despain pitched real ball, striking out fourteen and allowing but one hit. His support was good, but the North Central boys did their best work at bat, stealing bases, sacrificing and taking advantage of their opponents at every opportunity. Ralph Robinson, in particular, qualified for the Burglars' Union by purloining bases in true Raffles style.

The score tabulated:

North Central High—	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Robinson, 1b .....	4	2	0	10	0	0
Torrence, 2b .....	6	2	2	0	5	1
Abrams, ss.....	6	1	2	0	0	2
Despain, p.....	5	2	1	0	1	0
Jerard, 3b.....	4	1	0	0	1	0
C. Smith, cf.....	5	3	3	1	0	0
McKinney, c.....	5	1	2	16	2	1
Van Dissel, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Meehan, lf.....	5	0	2	0	0	0
Totals .....	43	13	12	27	9	4

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# TAMARACK.

Lewis and Clark—	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	F.
McConville, ss.....	3	1	0	2	3	4
Bakke, 3b.....	4	1	0	2	1	1
McCrea, cf.....	2	1	0	3	1	0
Watson, 1b.....	3	0	0	7	0	2
Lafayette, lf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Harshman, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	5	3
Hargreaves, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson, c.....	3	1	0	10	5	0
Permain, p.....	3	1	0	0	1	0
Edwards.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	29	4	1	27	16	10
North Central High.....	2	1	2	0	1	4
Lewis and Clark.....	1	0	0	0	0	3

Two-base hits—C. Smith 2. Three-base hits—C. Smith, Abrams. Struck out—By Despain 14, by Permain 7. Bases on balls—Off Despain 4, off Permain 4. Umpire—George Longanecker.

## THE SECOND GAME

May 4, the day set for the second game, behaved very well until Longanecker said "Play ball." Almost simultaneously with this remark a steady downpour of rain began and continued through six innings. While doubtless good for the crops, and therefore the nation's welfare, the rain, nevertheless, was not welcomed with wild enthusiasm. The ball was difficult to field, and the soggy ground interfered with good base-running. Lewis and Clark accomplished the thing Mr. Jeffries failed to do a year or so ago, and had nine men playing baseball throughout the entire game. Honors, in regard to hits and getting men on the bags, were about even, but the Lewis and Clark boys cleared the bases up well in each frame, while the North Centrals were prevented from getting their sack residents home, through the medium of deacease and put-outs.

From a standpoint of baseball the game was much more interesting than the previous one. A good crowd was out and the Lewis and Clark students are to be complimented on the increased turnout after their first

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# TAMARACK.

defeat. Rivalry, as long as it remains friendly and each school can respect the other, is the best feature of interscholastic athletics, and it is hoped that the present enthusiasm in the two schools may be propogated to the benefit of both.

The box score of the game:

North Central High School—	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Torrence, 2b.....	4	2	1	5	2	2
Abrams, 1b.....	4	0	1	8	0	1
Smith, cf.....	4	1	0	2	0	0
Despain, p.....	4	0	2	0	3	0
Jerard, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
McKinney, c.....	4	0	0	8	4	1
Hamer, ss.....	3	0	0	2	3	0
Meehan, lf.....	4	1	1	2	0	0
Van Dissel, rf.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals .....	34	4	7	27	12	4

Lewis and Clark—	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
McConville, ss.....	5	1	2	1	3	1
Lafayette, c.....	4	1	2	9	8	0
Bakke, 3b.....	3	0	0	3	2	0
McCrea, cf.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Watson, 1b.....	5	1	0	6	0	2
Wilson, lf.....	4	1	3	1	0	0
Harshman, 2b.....	5	0	0	3	1	2
Hargreaves, rf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Crowley, p.....	2	1	1	1	0	0
Totals .....	36	6	8	27	14	5

Lewis and Clark.....	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	1—6
North Central High.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—4

Struck out—By Despain 9, by Crowley 7. Bases on balls—Off Crowley 1, off Despain 4. Hit by pitched ball—Crowley. Sacrifice hits—Bakke, Wilson. Wild pitch—Crowley.

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## THE THIRD GAME

The best baseball of the series was produced at the third game, Saturday, May 11. Both teams played baseball that lacked the ragged edges often seen in interscholastic games, although North Central's two errors came at critical moments. The North Siders could not find the Reardan Sunflower, while Lewis and Clark secured 10 hits and converted four of them into runs. Two changes were made in the Lewis and Clark lineup, Huntley playing second and Batchelor caring for the right garden. Both boys acquitted themselves creditably, Batchelor cutting off two hits by his fielding and aiding materially in the scoring by two well-placed bunts. Crowley's support at critical moments was of the best and was the chief reason for Lewis and Clark's clean-cut victory.

The game was full of interesting moments, and often each team rallied to the support of its pitcher with plays that brought the stands to their feet. Batchelor's catch has been mentioned, and Kirby Torrence woke the stands to another storm of applause by a sensational one-handed spear back of second base.

The baseball championship will be decided either in the next or the following game. The Tamarack hopes the same enthusiasm and interest which has been felt over the games already played may be continued.

The tabulated score for the third game:

Lewis and Clark—	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Batchelor, rf.....	4	1	3	2	0	0		
Lafayette, c.....	5	0	2	13	2	0		
McConville, ss.....	4	0	0	1	2	0		
Bakke, 3b.....	2	0	0	1	0	3		
Watson, 1b.....	4	1	1	6	0	9		
McCrea, cf.....	3	1	1	2	0	0		
Wilson, lf.....	3	0	1	0	0	0		
Huntley, 2b.....	4	0	1	3	2	9		
Crowley, p.....	1	1	1	0	0	0		
Totals .....	30	4	10	27	6	0		

# TAMARACK.

North Central High—	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Robinson, 1b.....	4	0	0	7	0		0	1
Torrence, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	3		0	0
Abrams, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0		0	0
Despain, p.....	3	0	0	0	2		0	0
Smith, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0		0	0
Jerard, 3b.....	3	0	0	3	0		1	
McKinney, c.....	3	0	0	9	3		0	
Van Dissel, rf.....	3	0	1	1	1		0	
Hamer, ss.....	3	0	0	1	0		0	
Totals .....	29	0	2	24	9		2	
Lewis and Clark.....	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	*—4
North Central.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hit—Lafayette. Stolen bases—Watson, McCrea. Struck out—by Crowley 13, by Despain 9. Bases on balls—Off Despain 5. Hit by pitcher—By Despain 3, By Crowley 1.

## THE TRACK MEET

North Central, 83.

Lewis and Clark, 48.

May 18 the first track meet between the North Central and Lewis and Clark High Schools was held at Natatorium Park. All winter, in the gymnasium, and as soon as weather permitted out of doors, the athletes of the rival institutions went through the months of preparation that successful track work demands. With but a handful of last year's material left, it was up to Cook and Moyer to build around these veterans the contesting teams. Both coaches went to work energetically, and much promising material was uncovered at each school. Especially are prospects bright for Moyer and North Central, with such men as Matters, Captain Davies of this year's team, C. Smith, L. Smith, Taylor, Briley, Despain, Clark, Wilhelm, Nelson, Glaze, McAlpine, Neely, McKinney, Abrams, King and Sanborn to work with next year.

A close contest was expected by everyone on the 18th, with perhaps the majority of outside opinion looking for a Lewis and Clark victory. But

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The 100 Yard Dash—Hall, Second



120 Yard High Hurdle—Truesdell Ties for First Place

## TAMARACK.

as often happens, the dope didn't show at the tape, and the North Central athletes brought victory to the Red and Black by a score which nearly doubled that of their opponents. Eight points were won in the first event, and this lead was consistently increased as the result of event after event was megaphoned to the crowd by John Fancher, captain of the team which represented both schools last year.

In general, the handling of the meet by the officials was entirely satisfactory, but few delays or disputes occurring. The crowd was only of fair size, the Lewis and Clark rooters, especially, turning out poorly. The North Central rooters led by Tom Allen, supported their team loyally, and to this support must be credited some portion of the victory.

Hall of the North Central Senior B class, and a member of last fall's basketball squad, won the individual honors with a score of  $17\frac{1}{4}$  points. Hall is one of the most faithful and hardest working athletes on the squad, and his individual victory was a most popular one with the student body and his team-mates. Matters, of North Central, was second with  $11\frac{1}{4}$  points, and Truesdale third with 10 points.

The Northwest record in the javelin throw of 144 feet, held by Carl Johns, was shattered to bits by Jack Abrams, captain-elect of next fall's basketball and football teams, when he flung the pointed stick 149 feet  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The throw was admitted by every one present to be remarkable, and was within a foot of the throw which won the Olympic tryout in California on the same day. It is fairly safe to predict that this record will hold for some time to come. Dircks of Lewis and Clark is a hard-working and consistent performer, but, although he seemed in good form, he was unable to touch the mark set by the North Central athlete.

In spite of the discrepancy in the score, the events were hotly and gamely contested by the athletes of both schools, and neck-and-neck finishes brought the rival rooters to their feet again and again. In the quarter-mile Torrence of the baseball squad, by an especially game finish, forced himself to second place in the last 50 yards of the race, nosing out Gillette of Lewis and Clark.

Captain Merle Davies duplicated this in the mile, winning first place by a sensation sprint during almost the entire lap.

To the defeated Lewis and Clark athletes the honor and respect due to game fighters and graceful losers must be given. They took their defeat

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Matters Winning the 440



Davies Winning the Mile



## TAMARACK

like gentlemen, like true sportsmen in the best sense of the term, and were among the first to congratulate Moyer and his athletes on their victory. While we, the North Central, do not wish defeat and will work and hope always for victory, yet when we do meet defeat, as we must, may it be at the hands of such thorough sportsmen as comprised our opponents in the last meet.



A Few of our Girls

The summary of events:

50-yard dash—Won by Hall, N. C.; Durham, N. C., second; Orion, L. and C., third. Time, :06.

880-yard run—Won by Papst, L. and C.; Davies, N. C., second; Owen, N. C., third. Time, 2:12.

Pole vault—Won by Martin, N. C.; C. Smith, N. C., second; Andrews, L. and C., third. Height, 10 feet 1 inch.

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## TAMARACK.

100-yard dash—Won by Pierce, L. and C.; Hall, N. C., second, Durham, N. C., third.

Shot put—Won by Dougher, L. and C.; Truesdale, N. C., second, Briley, N. C., third. Distance 39 feet 10½ inches.

220-yard hurdle—Borden, L. and C., won; Clark, N. C., second, Wilhelm, N. C., third. Time, :28 4-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Matters, N. C.; Pierce, L. and C., second, Hall, N. C., third. Time, :25 flat.

Javelin throw—Won by Abrams, N. C.; Dirks, L. and C., second; Hisington, L. and C., third. Distance, 149 feet 10½ inches.

High jump—Hall, Glaze and Truesdale of N. C. all tied at 5 feet 1 inch. Hall won the toss of a coin for the medal.

440-yard run—Won by Matters, N. C.; Torrence, N. C., second, Gillette, L. and C., third.

Broad jump—Won by Durham, N. C.; Andrews, L. and C., second, Hall, N. C., third. Distance, 18 feet 8½ inches.

120-yard hurdles—Dead heat between Truesdale, N. C., and Borden, L. and C.; Gibson, L. and C., third. Time 16 4-5 seconds.

Mile run—Won by Davies, N. C.; Durrant, L. and C., second, Buell, L. and C., third. Time, 5:04 2-5.

Discus throw—Won by Adams, L. and C.; Hall, N. C., second, Hosington, L. and C., third. Distance, 99 feet 10½ inches.

Mile relay (440 yards each)—Won by the North Central High School (Matters, Torrence, Davies and Hall). Time, 3:52.





OUR TRACK TEAM



## The Clock

Oh, the clock! clock! clock!  
Of the famous household stock,  
Is ever beating time  
With a pleasant cheery rhyme,  
"Prepare for work! Prepare for work!  
Ne'er a lesson you should shirk.  
Literature! Literature!"  
Yes, it says it, I am sure.

Oh, the clock! clock! clock!  
Of the famous household stock,  
Is so sure to tell the time  
With its never-ceasing chime,  
"Please arise! Please arise!  
All nature sings. Win the prize!  
Literature! Literature!"  
Yes, it says it, I am sure.

Oh, the clock! clock! clock!  
Of the famous household stock,  
Has been ever keeping time,  
And we hear its warning chime,  
"Off to High! Off to High!  
Say your lesson by and by.  
Literature! Literature!"  
Yes, it says it, I am sure.

Oh, the clock! clock! clock!  
Of the famous household stock,  
Is striking now the hour of nine,  
With its ever-solemn chime,  
"Are you ready? Are you ready?"  
And in accents weak, unsteady,  
Comes the answer, "Literature!"  
Yes, it says it, I am sure.

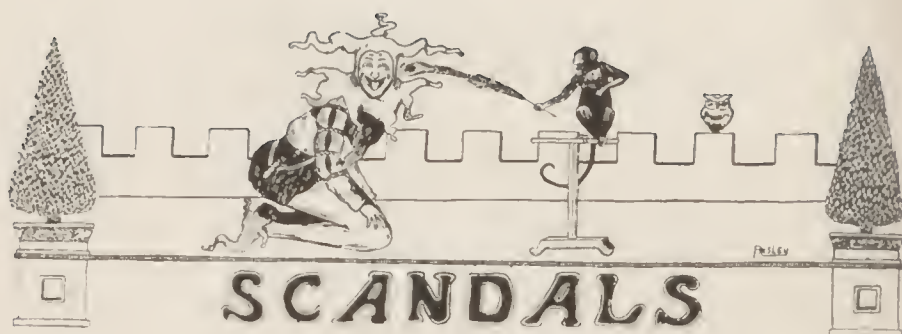
## TAMARACK

Oh, the clock! clock! clock!  
Of the famous household stock,  
With its Slowly-beating time,  
Keeps up its cheery rhyme,  
"Your turn is next! Your turn is next!  
Though your thoughts have flown,  
Your mind is vexed.  
Literature! Literature!"  
Yes, it says it, I am sure.

Oh, the clock! clock! clock!  
Of the famous household stock,  
Is still striking time, time!  
With its merry, merry chime,  
"Are you ready? Are you ready?"  
And in accents firm and steady,  
Repeat the answer, "Literature,"  
Yes, I know it, I am sure."

—Leila Miller, June, '12.





If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

---

Miss E. Kaye (giving directions for History Notebook)—Now the first page will be a blank page with History VII on it.

---

Mr. Sawtelle (in English VIII)—Miss Durkee, recite on Gibbon (meaning the author).

Ada—Well, this James Gibbon was— James, call a taxi.

---

Freshie—What sort of a Senior A Class have you?

Senior A—Oh, the most of it is coy and the rest is wise.

---

Lienau—Why is "to" long?

Floyd E—Why, it's long by nature.

---

Paul N. (in History VIII)—It—it—settled—

Miss Kaye—Did it?

P. N.—It—it—it settled the line—

Miss Kaye—Did it?

P. N. (sitting down)—No, I guess it didn't.

---

#### NOTICE ON MR. LIENAU'S BOARD.

In fire-drills pass out by the fire-escape, girls preceding; fall in behind the library.

*One Hundred Thirty-two*



Heard at the Class play rehearsal:

Wayne Durham declared he was going to enter with a dog on a chain.  
He was set on having a leading part.

---

BE SURE TO READ THE "WANT ADS."

---

Taft—The great I-am.

T. R.—The great Ex-am.

---

WOMAN AND THE LAST WORD.

Student (in History VI)—A whole bunch of people—

Miss Kaye—Only bananas and grapes come in bunches.

Leslie S.—How about violets?

Miss Kaye (smiling sweetly)—Oh, yes; also firecrackers.

---

'Twas ever thus in childhood's hour

I watched my fondest hopes decay,

I never loved a bird or flower

But the darned thing died or flew away.

---

Mr. Ramsey (in History VIII)—Calhoun was elected to the Vice-Presidency in 1828 and is still serving.

---

Mr. Lienau—The next is the World Below and we'll be there for the next five weeks, too.

---

Vincent W. (after the Co-ed)—Yes, sir! they called me after every act.

Herman Howe—What did they call you?

---

READ THE "WANT ADS."

*One Hundred Thirty-three*



## TAMARACK.

"Watt-hour you doing there?" asked the instructor in Physics.

"Eating currents," replied the startled student. "Anode you'd catch me at it."

"Wire you insulate this morning anyway? Can't your relay-shunts get you up mornings?"

"Amperently not."

"Fuse going to do that every day you can take your hat and go 'ome," replied the teacher, and the circuit was broken right there.—Exchange.

---

Leslie S. (in English VIII)—Why does Poe deserve a place in the Hall of Fame?

J. Foss—Because he was a hard drinker, opium user, and all round dissipator.

---

### APRIL CALENDAR.

All Fools' Day: Big dedication on South Side.

April 6, 7:30 P. M.: Florence Dixon broke her pet finger nail.

April 10: Paul Neil nearly bought only one bun for lunch.

April 16: Leon Hills reported to English Class on time.

April 25: George Holden appeared alone at Ives, but he was looking for a Bunn.

---

Villie falls in Anheuser Bush  
Und Schlitz his pantaloons;  
Is Villie a sadder Bud-weiser boy?  
Pabst so. Pabst not!

---

Vincent W. (in History VIII)—They took a vote on this.

Miss Kaye—How did this affect Jackson?

Vincent W.—Well, he got quite peeved.

---

Teacher—What is gravity?

Freshie—A lot of little stones.

*One Hundred Thirty-four*

## TAMARACK

Floyd Ellis, the popular Senior B President, otherwise known as "Demosthenes" Ellis, the boy orator, or the lad with the nobile profile, in answer to the question, "What mode is that verb?" replies "Melancholy."

---

Eugene—How many parts are you trying for in the Class play?

Marion—All of them. How many are you?

Eugene—All. That shows you're wise and I may make a hit.

---

Question: Why are the N. C. students like the Chinese race?

Answer: They crave their Rice.

---

### NOTICE THE "WANT ADS."

---

Can the Grizzly Bear to see the Turkey Trot away with the Grape Vine in a Mysterious Manner because Everybody's Doing It Now?

---

### ANNOUNCEMENTS IN SENIOR A ROOM.

Mr. Sawtelle—I want you to keep respectable order, at least, while I am gone because if you don't you know it will mean that you can't have any sort of meeting without my presence; and you don't want anything like that hanging over you.

---

Harold Cundy—The Senior B's are going to give a candy sale Friday noon and we want all of you fellows—and girls—and so forth to—

---

Boys (to Mr. Smith who is cleaning up the Manual Training room the morning after the South Side students left)—What are you doing, Mr. Smith?

Mr. S.—Oh, just getting ready to fumigate.

---

First Newsie—Gee, ain't you hungry?

Second Newsie—Yes, but spaghetti is a cent a mile and I can't even get a bite.

# TAMARACK.

Willie fell down the elevator,  
Some one found him six weeks later.  
Then the neighbors said, "Gee Whiz,  
What a spoiled boy Willie is!"

---

## A DRAMATIC HIGH SCHOOL.

Freshmen—"Comedy of Errors."  
Sophomores—"As You Like It."  
Juniors—"Love's Labor Lost."  
Seniors—"Much Ado About Nothing."

---

Bartholomew—In the division of this line into mean and extreme ratio,  
how much of this construction circle is absolutely necessary?

Uncertain Boy—The portion from A to B?

B.—No, not quite.

Boy—Well, then, from B to C?

B.—One more guess.

Girl (aside to Boy)—Say, you'd better say the whole circle, then you'll  
be sure to get it.

---

Latin Prof.—Don't you think you had better turn the page? You  
have already translated eight lines on the next.—Exchange.

---

Miss Abernethy—What's the matter, Mr. Wise? Can't you speak any  
louder? Get some spirit into this—open your mouth and throw yourself  
into it!

---

Boy—A cruiser.

Teacher—What makes it go?

Boy—Its screw, sir.

Teacher—Who are on board her?

Boy—Its crew, sir.

Teacher—You're a very smart boy, where were you born?

Boy—Crewe, sir.—Exchange.

## TAMARACK

Etta Cleary—Why doesn't Gus Jansen shave closer?

Gene Hitt—He's cultivating a pompadour on his chin.

---

There's a school just been built, so 'tis said,  
Such that over all others will tread.

But still one might say  
That just o'er the way  
They've a parlor for all of their dead.

---

Discovered—Leon Hills and Jean Gorrill spooning behind the scenes of the High School auditorium stage. "Love has wings, but that's no place to spoon, Leon."

---

N. B.—Mr. Rice uses green ink in correcting harmony papers.

R. Bevier to Lorraine L.—Say, did you ever notice how much these papers look like green backs?

---

If Miss Raymond got married, would it be Fehr that Ramsey to the Rice throwing and should Sawtelle will Fargo and shake Allerdyce in the Strieter the Broomhall?

---

Mr. Ramsey (in History VIII)—I've heard that there are companies being organized that will insure against domestic infelicity.

Voice in rear—Does he mean wives or hired girls?

---

Teacher—Who was the greatest inventor?

Senior—Pat. Pending, I guess. I see his name on more inventions than any other man's.—Exchange.

---

Gene Hitt (after delivering a piece of oratory in public speaking)—Well, Miss Abernethy, what do you think of my execution?

Wayne D.—I'm in favor of it.



### C. Q. D. MESSAGE FOUND ON THE FLOOR.

To S. S. Hunter:

The S. S. Shears has struck the Lienau rock off the coast of Latin. Immediate assistance required. Vocabulary exploded. Constructions sinking by the head.

---

Coach Van Cook, after placing his personal effects on the van which was to convey him to the South Side and as the van slowly started he was hailed by Mr. Kennedy who rushed out of the school entrance waving a chair rung aloft and shouted, "O hey, didn't you forget something?"

---

There is an instructor named Kaye,  
Who does things in just her own way.  
When she springs us a quizz  
We just murmur, "Gee Whiz."  
From our knowledge it's far, far away.

---

In a recent examination in history, which included a question beginning, "Who or what were the following:"—Ignatius Loyola was defined as a statute against Heretics, the name being derived from two Latin words meaning "Burn the loyal."

---

Ralph R. (in Chemistry)—Do I have to pay for everything that is broken? There was another girl in the desk with me.

---

Teacher—Will one of the girls please show Frances how to put her tongue in the fireless cooker?

---

### A GOOD ARGUMENT.

To a teacher who asked the question, "What is dew?" came the well-reasoned reply: "The earth revolves on its own axis three hundred and sixty-five times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire. This is called dew." Stung!

*One Hundred Thirty-eight*



### FRESHMEN, TAKE NOTICE!

Marion Wise, the inventor of a new nursing bottle, sent out the following directions: "When the baby is done drinking it should be unscrewed and placed under the hydrant to cool. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

---

Franklin himself might be surprised at the following information gathered from a Freshman's essay:

"Franklin's education was got by himself. He worked himself up to be a great literal man. He was able to invent electricity. Franklin's father was a tallow chandelier."—Exchange.

---

She—Where are those clouds going?

He—Going to Thunder.

---

Lulu W. (in English VIII)—The period of Romanticism began with the ascension of George III.

---

If Kerby Torrence his White trousers will the Taylor Mendham, or if she's Wise will Helen Burnham?

---

Teacher—Give the meaning of veterinary surgeon.

Student—A doctor for old soldiers.

---

### BE SURE TO READ THE "WANT ADS."

---

A member of the School Board asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

---

Customer—Will I find art denim here?

Clerk—Let me see. Why he doesn't work in this department.



## TAMARACK.

Freshie—Where are the bath-rooms in the new dormitory?

Soph—There won't be any in the Freshie's hall. They're going to put in vacuum cleaners.

---

Miss Kaye—What were these papers called that James Lowell wrote?

Vincent—Pickwick Papers.

---

A teacher, who had had her class describe the seven wonders of the world, asked her class if a tourist should visit Spokane what great wonder he would wish to see. A timid Freshie raised her hand and said, "Hillyard."

---

Mr. Prickett—What do you know about onomatopoetic verse?

Jack Abrams—I don't know, what do you think?

Mr. P.—I don't think, I know.

J. A.—I don't think I know, either.

---

Fargo watching students,  
Students watching too;  
Freshie up and whispers,  
"Session room for you."

Bunch of girls together,  
All comparing notes;  
If she sees them at it,  
They will be the goats.

Others working swiftly,  
Get their lessons done;  
Getting into mischief,  
Beat it one by one.

Many tho are earnest  
Workers in their line;  
She knows how to treat them,  
Fargo—yes for mine.

—Vernon R. Alexander.

## Want Ads

---

WANTED—All the gum I can chew. C. O., 218.

---

WANTED—Everybody to know that Kate Lucas, Joke Editor, is not responsible for all the valuable information contained in these columns.

---

### ATTENTION!

The Six Year Club has been organized. Members wanted. Special rates for fall entrance. See Stanley Blanchard, Otto Warn, Arthur Elvigeon, Membership Committee.

---

WANTED.  
NOTORIETY.  
GAYTON KNIGHT  
305

---

### LOST

LOST—One pretty dimple. Finder please return to Helen Gifford. Reward.

---

### —GREAT REWARD—

For the secret of John Truesdale's great charm over the feminine members of school. Bashful Three—J. A., R. C., J. D.

---

WANTED—A trap to capture a Hare. One that is painless to the captor as well as to the captured. Apply Walter Doust, 218.

---

RATES for this space cheerfully furnished on application. Special attention to Seniors.

---

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to notify the girls of N. C. H. S. and much to the pleasure of several H. S. boys, that I now have a steady girl.

GEORGE HOLDEN.

---

WANTED—Someone to appreciate our oratorical abilities. Marion Wise and Floyd Ellis.

---

WANTED—A girl to take to dances in my Loco. Chester Bartoo.

---

WANTED—Someone to tell me when I get stung. Inquire Eugene Hitt, 218.

---

WANTED—Everybody to know what a great stand-in I have with the girls. GEORGE TEEL.

---

### CHALLENGE.

Paul Neil hereby challenges anybody to a weinie sandwich eating contest. Two days' notice must be given. Opponent must be able to eat 8 in 20 minutes before he can challenge Mr. Neil. Apply to his Manager, Room 8.

---



## The Vintage of Nineteen Thelbe

We must leave you, comrades, leave you,  
And the parting grieves us sore,  
For our days with you are ended,  
And we'll fraternize no more;  
But the years will bring rejoicing,  
As the memory of these days  
Fills our fondest recollections,  
While we tread life's tangled maze.

We have found earth's cherished vintage,  
Heaven's choicest gift divine,  
In the rich unwavering friendships  
Which our hearts with yours entwine;  
Found our friends are made most happy,  
Though no wealth we may bestow,  
In the love that we can give them  
And the comradeship they know.

And our thoughts shall often linger,  
With a tender memory true,  
On the hours we've passed together  
And the pleasures they renew;  
For these days of toil and gladness  
Knit our hearts and spirits too,  
And our fondest recollections  
Are the friendships formed with you.

In our dreams we'll often fancy  
That your voices we can hear,  
As your kindly accents bring us  
Earnest messages of cheer;  
That we see your pleasant faces,  
Comrades of our high school days,  
Smiling back the sweet acquaintance,  
Treasured through time's shadowed haze.

## TAMARACK

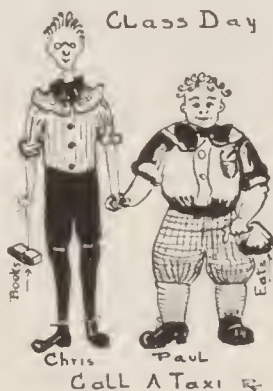
So we're leaving, comrades, leaving,  
 And this parting grieves us sore,  
 For the days with you now ended  
 Will return to us no more;  
 Yet we'll love our Alma Mater  
 With a love both strong and true,  
 And we'll thank the God above us  
 For the friendships formed with you.  
 —Edith McDonald, Jan., '12.

### And He Proposed

He had proposed and now was waiting for her answer. The suspense was awful. Then she said, "No, it can never be;—I would that this had never happened—henceforth we shall be as strangers." Stunned, he rose and left.

Not many days later, Miss Lansing was down-town shopping when it suddenly flashed upon her mind that the banks closed in a few minutes and she had a check to cash. Hurrying to the Merchants' Bank, where she had been a depositor for several years, she thrust the check under the grating and leaned against the shelf to catch her breath.

"You'll have to be identified," came curtly from beyond the bars, and looking up she saw—him.



# OUR CONTEMPORARIES



The Tamarack has been living in seclusion for almost two years, but at last the day is nearing when he will again make his appearance in public.

He decided to sally forth and to explore the Tamarack office one fine afternoon to find out exactly what had been done for the coming reception. Among other things awaiting him were the Exchanges. There stood "The Gonzaga" arrayed in its fine literature, the "Civil Engineer" and "A Deal in Real Estate" being excellent stories. "The Whims" also occupied a most conspicuous place. The most attractive feature about it was the different departments, especially the class departments, each with its distinct heading. The cuts were good. "Honor Among Thieves" was very exciting in the "Lens" and the organizations showed a large amount of school activities in Washington High.

"The Spectrum," with its first-class Editorials; "The Student" and its Athletic Department, wherein were recorded their many victories; "The Criterion," "As the Seniors Appear to Longfellow," being especially artistic; "The Almanack", accompanied by its "Calendar"; "The Crook"; "The X-Ray"; "The Kuntux"; "The Otaknam"; "The Magpie"; "The Live Wire"; "The Bellerivian"; "The Rustler"; "Wanona"; "The Chandelier"; and "The Sentinel", were also awaiting him. He was informed that others had been invited, but as yet had not arrived.





MR. PRICKETT  
Faculty Director of Tamarack





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If they knew for a fact that it occurred at some time,  
When a wise little youngster with a pencil he wrote,  
"My mother has just bought a swell Spring COAT,  
She also bought a swell tan SUIT,  
A HAT to match and a DRESS to boot,  
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